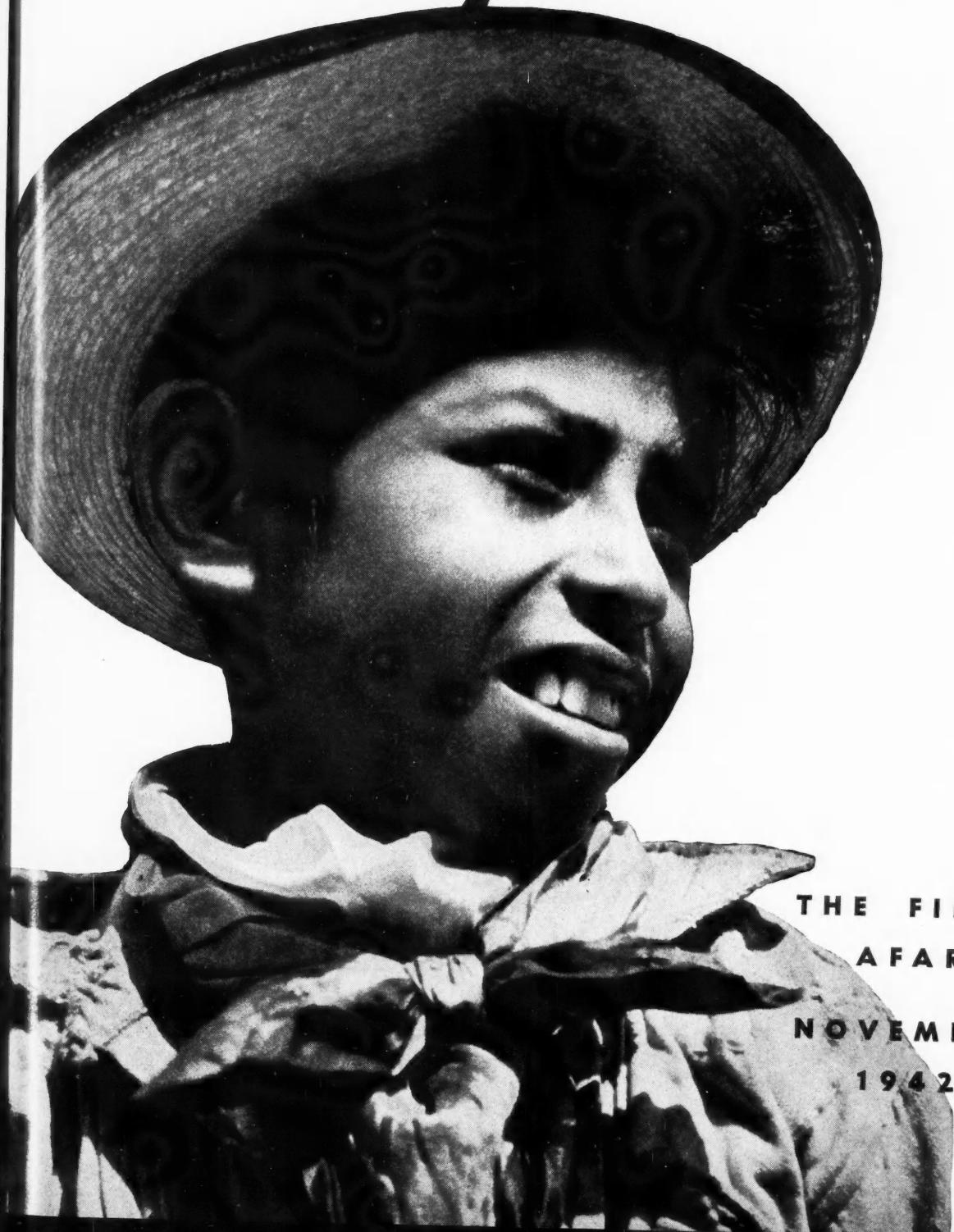


Maryknoll



THE FIELD

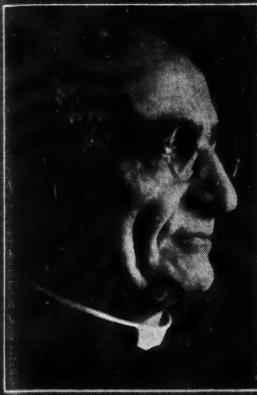
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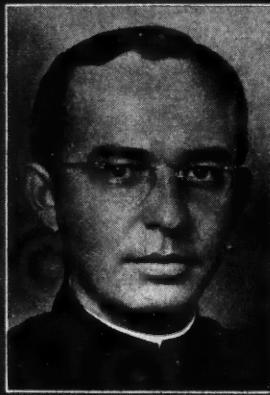
1942



A Guatemalan vista. The wider and more beautiful vista of a harvest of souls waits for priests and Sisters to cultivate it. Would you like to share their labors and their reward? See page 31.



Father Cotta (p. 6)



Monsignor Escalante (p. 10)



Father Malone (p. 2)



Father Henry (p. 12)

OUT OF THE SKIES

Maryknollers in Honolulu worked madly when destruction came out of the skies. Somewhat by way of compensation, they watched other planes come out of the skies recently, bearing to them new confreres from the United States. Bishop Sweeney asked for more Maryknoll sky pilots to help him in his tremendous task in the Hawaiian Islands, and he received five of them via the air routes from California. They are: Father James Collins, Father Laurence Vaughan, Father Edward Condon, Father Laurence Enright, and Father Cyril Gombold.

COME TO DINNER! Let us suppose that you were lucky enough to get an assignment with the American Army air fighters in China and were told you were to open a new base at a key city in South China, called Kweilin. "Kweilin?" you asked. "Where is that? What kind of strange place can that be? Wonder if an American ever lived in Kweilin."

You curled down out of the skies, set up your base, and took a walk around town. You came upon some folk dressed à la Chinese but with strangely familiar features. "Hello, American!" they called at you, in real American accent. What was your surprise to discover that they were real Americans, Catholic priests of Maryknoll who have been at home for many years right here in Kweilin!

This is what happened to the newly arrived American air squadron that recently set up its base in Kweilin. "Come to dinner!" the Maryknoller said.

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WAR ZONE NEWS

"We gave them our American meal, such as it was," writes Monsignor Romaniello, formerly of New Rochelle, New York, "and they offered us American cigarettes. Already there are a dozen or so Catholics among the air forces in this Maryknoll mission field."

REFUGEE TRAILS "It makes me very impatient to find people spending their time asking if we are safe," says a Maryknoller in South China. "Isn't there something much more important these days than merely being safe?"

Tales from South China prove that there is. The latest report from Kweilin, for instance, states that in this one mission last year 188,000 treatments were administered, principally to refugees moving from tortured areas of Central China to quieter zones of the South.

"In recent months there has been a new phenomenon," adds Father Gilloegly, "the trek of overseas Chinese who by some miracle have been able to slip back to China from lands to the south conquered by the Japanese. We watch them, sometimes on trucks, packed like cattle, forty and more to a machine, moving inland. Thousands travel afoot, faces blanched, hearts bleak with suffering."

PAST ALL BAYONETS The Maryknoll Sister who, in Hong Kong, pushed aside a Japanese sentry's bayonet, beckoned to a Japanese officer to lend her his shoulder, and vaulted onto a truck of wounded Japanese to care for a patient

OUR COVER: Central and South America have plenty of these little Huckleberry Finns. Maryknollers in Bolivia (page 10) are facing a school problem with them.

just from the operating room who she saw needed treatment, acted by instinct. But it was a cultivated instinct, trained before the Blessed Sacrament, heightened by constant meditation on transcendent truths which make souls calm in face of all fury, forgiving despite all wrong, devoted to all men regardless of color, or tongue, or the whiteness or blackness of their hearts. We are very proud of Sister Amata and her Sister companions, not alone for what they did, but for why they did it.

MASS AS USUAL We stay-at-homes suffer from the temptation to reduce our concern for men living under hardship, to inglorious essentials. We worry about their food, their clothing, their beds. They themselves, who are facing the situation, think of much more.

In the prison camp in Mukden, for instance, where all the Manchukuoan Maryknollers were confined for some months, and where a half of the personnel is still confined, a great deal of attention is given to Mass. In the gymnasium of the building in which they are lodged, the Maryknollers set up a temporary chapel, and altars, complete even to antependia, were erected. Every morning the Holy Sacrifice is celebrated, and every Sunday there is a High Mass with singing in Gregorian Chant. For the great feasts, Bishop Lane celebrates a Pontifical High Mass. Many of the internees, although not of the Catholic Faith, have been regularly attending services in the prison "cathedral."

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THESE DID *Not* COME HOME

By REV. THOMAS J. MALONE

TWO THOUSAND years before Our Lord's birth, there lived a famous Chinese, Hsia Yu, the founder of the Hsia dynasty. At that time there was a tremendous flood, and Hsia Yu was appointed to control it. During the eight years he was engaged in this gigantic task, he passed by the door of his home three times without entering it. So his name has come down to posterity as the model of a man who puts his duty and the needs of others before his own private and personal preferences. Hsia Yu would not return to his home while there were people to save and dikes to be repaired.

China is once more inundated with a devastating flood, more terrible than a flood of water. Like the great Yu, one hundred and thirty Maryknollers, who were allowed to remain in the field, are engaged in bringing succor and hope to an afflicted people—they are shoring up the dikes of education and religion which will hold in line men's spiritual energies and direct them to God. Father Wolotkiewicz, for-

merly of Glassport, with no hope of vacation in sight, says:

"During the past year, our work for the most part was among refugees who came down from the North of China. Through kindness and charity, we attracted many to the Church, instructing and baptizing over two hundred. I did not want to return to the relative comfort of the mission. I wanted to be among them—to share their want, their misery, their hard lot. They found the priest their only friend, their only comfort. When June came, I thought I might be given a rest, as I haven't had any in two years. But I was asked to pinch-hit for a fellow missioner more tired than myself. It was a good experience."

Father Mark Tennien, from his listening post in Chungking, reminds us very strongly that he and his one hundred and twenty-nine companions were not forced to come home—and they don't want us to forget them, either. In a broadcast to Maryknoll, from Chungking, he says:

"One thing America doesn't want to forget is the missioner, worn and torn by the battles and upheavals that have crossed—and still crisscross—his work and life. Despite the war and the tortuous circumstances that it inevitably brings in its wake, the work of the Church is still going on. Catholics are proud of its tenaciousness, and non-Catholics admire its



never-say-die spirit. All our missionaries are still on the spot, ministering to refugees—homeless, hunger-stricken, and dying."

From much-bombed Kweilin, Monsignor Romaniello, once of New Rochelle, not only did not come home, but is disappointed he cannot get anyone *from* home this year. Bombed out of his home and living in a houseboat, he writes:

"It is regrettable that new missionaries cannot come to the Orient at the present time, for the opportunities created since the war are exceptionally good. Regarding our needs, it is very difficult to make plans, as the prices of commodities—salt, oil, firewood, matches, vegetables, meat, and rice—are going up each month. The drop in exchange rate adds to the difficulty. While we have good opportunities to make converts through the catechumenates, the expense is so great that we have had to cut down. I hope Maryknoll will continue to be able to send funds, so that missionary activities, especially convert-making, will keep pace with the marvelous chances that are ours these days."

In between air-raid alarms, Father Joseph Cosgrove, of West Newton, Massachusetts, dashed off on a sick call in the Yao Mountains. In a recent letter he says:

"On Sunday last, here at the mission I was quite alone. The Sunday congregation was not large, for the cloudless day, indicating the likelihood of an air raid, scared some away. I had just finished the second of my two Masses when the houseboy, Peter, shoved up one finger. This meant that one lantern, the air-raid warning, was hung up on the mountainside. I told the people they would better be moving.

"Later in the day, a young fellow from a district called the Yao Mountains came into Kweilin. He said that Li Lu Chia, an old Christian, was dying and had asked for the priest, and also wanted to have the Bishop send home his

daughter, Sister James, a member of our newly founded Chinese Sisters' community. I sent word to Sister to start the next day, and I myself got off early the next morning for the long trek into these rugged mountains. I changed my leather shoes for cloth ones, hitched up my trousers, and started into the wilderness. Paul, the boy who had come in to get me, led the way back into the Never-Never Land. As I went along, I counted forty-six torrents that I had to cross, without benefit of bridge.

"The sun was sinking and nightfall approaching, when I made the last big ascent and the final descent into the valley in which lay the village. As soon as I arrived, I went to see the sick man. One glance showed him to be in the later stage of tuberculosis. I talked with him for a time, administered Extreme Unction, and took him Holy Viaticum the following morning. Late in the evening, we saw flares moving slowly down the mountainside, and I knew that Sister James had arrived. The people were very much excited. They longed to see her again; it was two years since she had been home."

From these excerpts and other letters arriving at the home Knoll, it is evident that our one hundred and thirty Knollers in China not only did *not* come home, but have very little time to *think* of home. Like the great Hsia Yu, they are absorbed in the work of saving and rescuing and building for the future. It is worthy of note that the preparatory seminaries of Kaying, Wuchow, and Kweilin are functioning normally. Native Sisterhoods have been established in Kongmoon, Wuchow, Kaying, and Kweilin. So, given a few tens of years to continue this work and an abundance of the grace of God, the native clergy will be sufficient to care for the parishes, and the native Sisters to conduct schools and dispensaries. Then all the missionaries will come home, for their work will be done.

WORLD LEADERSHIP OF



From the Vatican, from St. Peter's, the Holy Father is fulfilling the role of teacher.

THE FAILURE of men to accept the Pope as a world leader derives from the fact that his principal realm of leadership is in those upper strata of the life of human action into which only the earnest and thoughtful and mature ever penetrate, into which the rank and file, the tens of millions of the unthinking of the earth, never seek to enter. Pius XI spoke of the evils "*which the sensual man perceiveth not, but which indeed are the most serious of our days.*"

Take, for instance, the statement of Pius XI that "the principal cause of the disturbed conditions in which we live is that the power of law and respect for authority have been so considerably weakened ever since people came to deny that the origin of law and authority was in God, Creator and Ruler of the world." Every good old lady who says her prayers knows this instinctively. But ask a college professor to establish this thesis before his class; ask a political leader to set it forth convincingly to a joint session of Congress. Would it be easy? Most of the listeners, we can wager beforehand, with all their learning and knowledge of life, would lack the mental and spiritual capacity to comprehend.

This is the problem behind the problem of the Pope's task of world leadership.

It may well give us pause, in this age of vaunted material progress, to reflect that Christians of medieval Europe had clearer minds and consciences. "No merely human institution of today can be as successful in devising a set of international laws which will be in harmony with world conditions as the Middle Ages were in the possession of that true league of nations, Christianity. It cannot be denied that in the Middle Ages this law was often violated; still, it always existed as an ideal, according to which one might judge the acts of nations, and a beacon light calling those who had lost their way back to the safe road." (*Encyclical: Ubi Arcano, Pope Pius XI*).

The leadership of the Vicar of Christ has always fearlessly discredited the facile generalizations of moderns who feel that somehow society will "muddle through," despite the evils which are menacing its very existence. In the present Holy Father's keen and anguished analysis of the ills of a suffering world, he says: "To bear witness to the truth is the

OF THE HOLY FATHER

Even men who do not accept the Pope see today the value of possessing one who stands apart, above the nations, who can say, "This is right, that is wrong!"

highest debt We owe to the office We hold and the times We live in. *You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.* In the fulfillment of this task, We shall not be swayed by human or earthly considerations." (*Encyclical: Summi Pontificatus, Pope Pius XII*).

Besides exhortation to spiritual ideals, the Popes give the world two general classes of leadership: first, *topical*; second, *geographic*. Under *topical* fall such subjects as marriage; education of youth; principles of use of the press, the radio, the cinema; principles for the government of states and for the conduct of the social order. Under *geographic* fall the directives given to the leaders of individual states, usually expressed to the hierarchy of those states. For instance, Pius XI spoke to France, Mexico, Germany, Spain, Italy. Pius XII has spoken to the United States. Examine the list of documents in the single reign of Pius XI and see how comprehensive it is.

The Popes have not been pacifists. Taking Pius XI's example for dealing with the after-war years of the Nineteen Twenties, we find him calling not simply for peace—an exasperating call when it seems to be unaccompanied by a consideration of realities. Rather, he speaks of "the active and fruitful peace that men everywhere crave." He seeks an efficacious peace, built on a practical knowledge of the sons of Adam.

Men today see that nations have so evolved, and the earth has so shrunk, that in the realm of material things we need some sort of world umpire, judge, with a common police force, chosen by the nations brought together either in a loose federation or in a close union through a common cession of sovereignty. Nations tomorrow will no more succeed in living together without some such world government than could families today without local government.

And behind any such political system must stand moral sanctions: law backed up by force alone will quickly be

Mr. Myron Taylor is received by the Holy Father.

circumvented. There must be a spiritual ideal among nations.

In his first encyclical, *Ubi Arcano*, in 1922, before fascism or nazism was born, Pius XI declared that even love of country, if it passes the limits of justice and equity, is the seed of innumerable evils. Who but a Pope can warn men thus? Who can remind the Englishman not to be too English, the German not to be too German? No one but the man on the mountaintop above the world.

Men will say, "But it is so ineffective." We can shrug our shoulders and concede that to be so, or we can say, "Let's see what can be done in our own country that this wise leadership may be less ineffective."

The things of the spirit whisper, while the things of the forum and the market place and the highways of the world shout. Perhaps the greatest need of men is new hope, renewed assurance that, if they will strive once again, they will discover the sound of enduring things above the sickening din of the false and inconsequential.



Flight FROM MADAGASCAR

By REV. ANTHONY COTTA

Maryknoll's veteran missioner, "Father Foto," recalls for our readers some of his earliest experiences in a land familiar, by name, to all.

If Madagascar did not happen to be so ideally located, it might still be one of the Utopia-like islands where people are blessed with the opportunity to live pretty much as they please. But commerce and combat always make inroads where men and money may be found. The French took notice of the importance of the island in 1647, during the reign of Louis XIV. They saw that it was a strategic base from which French influence might extend through the Indian Ocean—to Persia, India, and even as far as China.

By a protracted series of treaties, which were negotiated partly through barter but principally through force of arms, Queen Ranavalona III found herself almost entirely under the domination of the French Government. Finally an ultimatum—a long list of additional demands—was presented to her. War followed, and the French moved in and occupied the island in 1896. Ranavalona was sent into exile and died in Algiers in 1917. This was the beginning of general discontent among the islanders.

The French immediately imposed a head tax of one dollar on each of the Malagasy. The natives could obtain the tribute money only by performing about three weeks' labor in the jungle, where they tapped rubber trees and carried the raw product to the city—a task which often entailed a journey of several days. In addition to this, the men were forced to labor without recompense on military roads and bridges.

Until the French occupation of the island, the missionaries had been very successful; but when the head tax was imposed, the status of the missionaries changed. Their white skins put them in the class of the hated French, because the natives made no distinction between the nationalities of the world.

My mission was in the southern part of the island—about a hundred miles from Fort Dauphin. Although the tribe which was technically my parish, was not entirely Christian, a good percentage was Catholic, and the school and medical dispensary were of considerable importance. When the first

rumblings of discontent were manifest in the district, I was in no danger. In fact, my people confided in me and told me that several meetings had been held to discuss the method of putting me to death. But each time—very probably because of some current sickness—they concluded that, if they killed me, they would have no doctor in the village and no supply of effective medicine. However, my standing as a priest and a medical man did not guarantee permanent safety. One faction was determined upon my death.

It was early on a December morning, just before Mass, that I heard the first warning of an uprising. The warning came from my two altar boys, Peter and Stephen, carpenter and cook respectively. Before I had donned the vestments, Peter told me that the priest in a neighboring village had been killed. I made little of this statement because I knew the natives' tendency to exaggeration.

"Do you think they are going to kill me too, Peter?" I asked.

"Yes, Father," he replied.

"Well, let us have Mass first," I said.

After the consecration, during the *Pater Noster*, a persistent phrase continued to run through my mind. It was as if a voice behind me repeated over and over, "You must leave immediately!"

I consumed the Host and what remained of the Sacrament in the ciborium, and then, hastily cleaning and locking up the sacred vessels, left the church. On the steps stood the chief of the tribe. He was not a Christian, but his children attended the parish school. Unfortunately, he was a very weak character and a man who indulged in long spells of drunkenness. I sensed danger in the chief's manner of approach: he appeared to be very nervous.

"What do you want, Tsisoto?" I asked.

"Father, I should like my son's report card," he replied.

"Wait for a moment while I have coffee, Tsisoto," I said. "Then I will write it out for you."

As I stood in front of him I sensed, rather than heard, someone walking behind me. There was a very light brush like the whisk of a handkerchief on my shoulder, and I turned to see two men from the village. One was a giant, almost seven feet tall; and his hands were still crooked in front of him where he had started to encircle my throat with his fingers. I pretended that I had not noticed his action, and

the big fellow stood awaiting further orders from Tsisoto. Meanwhile, I patted Tsisoto casually on the shoulder and told him I would be out with the report in a moment.

Peter was in the house waiting for me, so I immediately sent him to the river to secure a boat. Later Stephen and I followed, and we found Peter waiting at the shore with a dugout canoe. As we paddled across the river, we saw the smoke arising from the burning mission.

There are three paths leading from the village, and I was certain that the natives would cover them immediately. Consequently, when we left the canoe, we ran directly for the forest land which began several hundred yards from the river's edge. At one point we had to pass close to a group of some three hundred men who were listening to a harangue. Incredible as it seems, we passed through unnoticed. It was night before we reached the opposite rim of the forest belt; all through the day, since we had no compass, we had traveled by blind reckoning. Fortunately we were spared the pangs of thirst by a torrential rainstorm which contributed the added benefit of discouraging our pursuers.

I had a shotgun with me, and a single shell. I had never used the gun myself, but had frequently given it to one of my boys, who brought in fresh game for the table. The gun was a solid argument against attack because the natives had a salutary fear of anything that was at once lethal and mechanical. Consequently, when we approached a group of people, I was able to pass them before they could settle on a plan of attack. Once, at a ferry which I was forced to use, a huge black carrying a spear boarded the small craft. I made it a point to keep him from getting behind me because he was obviously on the boat for only one purpose.

On the third day, I sent Peter and Stephen back for their own safety and gave them about fifteen dollars to divide between them. It was probably more money than they could have saved in as many years.

When I was about two hours distant from my objective, Fort Dauphin, the gates were in readiness to be opened for me; it had been rumored that the attack was to begin that day. The soldiers were sweeping the shore line with telescopes, watching for my approach. Suddenly, a little Malagasy boy cried out, "Here comes Father Cotta!"

When I was safe within the fort, I slept the clock around. I did not know it at the time, but I was never to return to Madagascar; my path was to encircle the world—Europe, China, and America, but always, thank God, in places where there was mission work to be done.

Tonight, the radio announced that Allied troops are within a few miles of the capital of Madagascar. In that land, where once superstitions and fetishes mingled with the strange, pagan cults of the Malagasy, the Church now flourishes. The island has more than half a million Catholics. In a generation or two, God willing, the Faith will claim the whole island.



In a land where once the fetishes of Africa and India mingled with strange pagan cults, the Church now flourishes.





Far Horizon

By MOST REV. FRANCIS X. FORD

THERE is a curious appeal in the life of a missioner, an appeal purely accidental and very often absent in fact, yet so associated the world over with mission life that it were hard to think of one without the other. It is best summed up in the phrase, "the lure of the Orient." It has two phases: the exotic mystery of the East, and the hardy life of the missioner.

Such a view of mission life, partly true and largely false, is in itself harmless. The world has absorbed the thrilling letters of the *Jesuit Relations*, and their continuation in the *Annals* and in more modern mission biography, all of which strive to be objectively true, even when colored by unconscious bias. But such writings do not tell the whole story; and in these irreverent days of general debunking, the question presents itself: is the missioner's life one of exciting adventure?

To form clear ideas of a missioner's life, we must see his work according to the Church's pattern, which has been drawn soberly in Encyclicals from time to time. The experience of centuries of mission effort is also a sure guide to the general policy of the Church; for she does not allow abuses to harden into habits, but continually remodels and freshens and rejuvenates her personnel. There is probably no secular organization so alive to the changing moods of nations and

fashions, so willing to experiment along new lines, so insistent on adjusting her methods to national customs, and fusing her own with native new blood. Her pioneering and tutelage are as short as possible, and usually several generations ahead of political policies adopted by governments with colonies.

But the secret of her assurance in launching new endeavors, humanly speaking, lies in her blueprints that have conserved essentials, noted well-tested experiments, and allowed leeway for accidentals. Radical innovations are, to a forgetful world, merely pages from her logbook of two thousand voyages. Her apprentice, nevertheless, must meet her measurements; the articles of indenture are very definite. Though these articles are sometimes couched in language whose import is beyond the applicant's experience, he may confidently sign on for life and identify himself with a cross. This does not mean, however, that the Church seeks adventurers or impulsive in-

novators. The success of her enterprises depends on the assurance that her personnel will carry on in normal obedience. This is their real test of courage and enthusiasm. If the missionary sailor is to venture onto strange seas, he must be content with the restraints of teamwork and steady monotony; the route to be charted is new, but the routine is without glamour.

To be successful, then, must a missioner be a mere automaton? Must the distant lands be debunked of their lure, and the spirit of adventure in normal veins become anemic? Must the sailor forget his characteristic gait, his ready humor, and his boyish grin? Must his dreams be disillusioned at the outset? Must the spice and zest of tropic isles be sweated out of him by scraping barnacles before he be granted shore leave?

No! A thousand times, no! The supernatural builds on nature, and there is inevitable enticement in strange lands: the senses are heavy with perfumes, and the eye with sights; the blood is quickened with peril, and the toughest skin dyed a deeper tan; and he who sails as a missioner is denied none of the colored impulses that touch newcomers to the tropics. It is God's will that the East allure, and that the mist and haze beglamour land and people at the outset. Too soon and thoroughly the day becomes a brazen heat, and shade or night

is dank; the wilted godlessness of man and scene is a burden to the soul; the very stars are strangers; and the natural cry arises for some familiar sight. The contrast is startling at times, between the opal and sapphire tinge of sky reflected in the light jade of the sea that greets the missioner on his landfall, and the same sky and sea that have somehow become a drab, unfriendly, lifeless scene to eyes later jaundiced by malaria.

In a sense, neither view of the Orient is true; each sins by excess, and it is only from the Church's level that they can be reconciled and shaded from God's palette. The Orient is mystic to a heart aflame with the zest to woo it, and dismally silent and cold when the echo of God's voice is spent. Should disillusionment, then, be in the training of a missioner, or should he wait until the noonday sun has chased the cooling shadows from his work? It matters little, provided he be trained to work objectively with the Church's aim before him. The types of men that make missioners are so varied that there is room for both approaches to the problem: the prosaic, stolid character may prefer to face facts without coloring; the sanguine, on the contrary, may be enamored with the setting. Either would be hopelessly immutable and would feel cheated if treated as the other wishes.

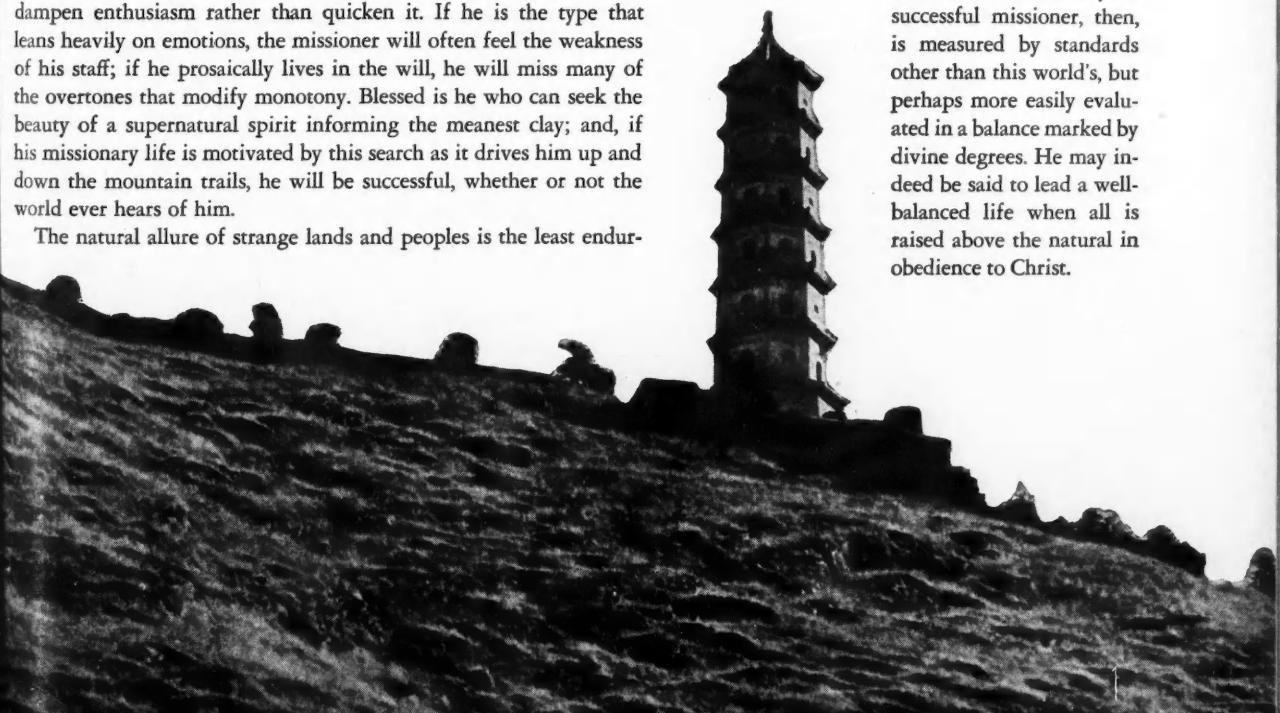
The one test of service in the Orient is willingness to take whatever comes, in fair or foul weather. The local conditions beyond the missioner's control do not alter the contract, and his success under such difficulties is gauged by his perseverance, not by measures to avoid them. This test in theory seems easy and reasonable, but, as it covers the varied demands of life in the Orient, it resolves into monotonous fidelity along lines familiar to all priests from childhood. The sacraments must be administered and, though the setting be changed, the essentials remain the same. The poverty and uncouthness of pagan surroundings, indeed, distract and dampen enthusiasm rather than quicken it. If he is the type that leans heavily on emotions, the missioner will often feel the weakness of his staff; if he prosaically lives in the will, he will miss many of the overtones that modify monotony. Blessed is he who can seek the beauty of a supernatural spirit informing the meanest clay; and, if his missionary life is motivated by this search as it drives him up and down the mountain trails, he will be successful, whether or not the world ever hears of him.

The natural allure of strange lands and peoples is the least endur-

ing of mere physical sensations; if based on emotional reactions, it may come and go in an instant—yet it is this that the unthinking call "the lure of the Orient"! It may take the missioner to the nearest Oriental port, but rarely beyond the gangplank. There is a far stronger attraction that animates some ardent souls: they vision easily the enormous pagan throng, and confidently, by some gap in reasoning, see themselves as Xaviers in spiritual conquests, tired with the physical strain of the very rite of baptism. Such dreams touch the outer confines of the neurotic, are no more sustaining than the physical lure, and may be more harmful as masquerading under a spiritual halo that would eventually make actual conditions drab and slow by contrast.

A motive that will not only strengthen the will, but also sustain it through the humdrum dog days of the tropics, is that of sharing in the obedience of Christ. Indeed, it is the only factor that brings out the essential beauty of the missioner's vocation. It is the Mystical Body of Christ that is comely and that makes the work desirous; this vision lost, the missions of the globe are colorless, if not disheartening, and paganism shows itself an ugly mass.

The attraction, then, of mission life lies essentially in its opportunity to share in the work of redemption, which is common to the Church's mission everywhere. The added zest of work in pagan lands is real, of course, but in its essence it differs not at all from apostolic work in any land. The missioner is thrown into his own communion with God, and breathes his native air in his chapel, and finds there even natural links with home. Out in pagan alleys or on the mountain trail, he must bring his God with him in his thoughts, to keep above the natural. It is the dilemma of every Christian—not peculiar to the missioner—but it is perhaps brought home to him more vividly as a necessary safeguard to his health of mind and body. A successful missioner, then, is measured by standards other than this world's, but perhaps more easily evaluated in a balance marked by divine degrees. He may indeed be said to lead a well-balanced life when all is raised above the natural in obedience to Christ.



Jungle School

By RT. REV. ALONSO E. ESCALANTE

Bolivian children have heard of a place called "school" but Maryknollers now have to show them what one looks like. Imagine what a task they have before them!

AGAINST a slingshot and a fishing line, a classroom runs an unhappy second. There was never an arithmetic book that could pit its lure against a deep pool where, at the close of day, the "big ones" glide through the river verdure. A bit of line and a wriggling worm dropped slightly below the surface; perhaps a cautious jiggle or two to make the bait more obvious; then a sharp tug and a splash—and the evening meal is on the shore. How much is six times seven? Who cares?

Even at the risk of making the picture approximate a



fairy story, I might say that, far off in a lovely forest land, there is a country where children have vacation for twelve months of the year. The country is below the equator, so the seasons are at variance with your North American climate. In our tropical Bolivia, we have summer all the year round. It is a farmers' paradise: the land is heavy and rich, and seedlings nurtured in the warm soil require very little cultivation to break through and greet the sun, and bloom and flourish.

Out in the jungle lands, the people live in small villages near the river banks or on the fertile hillsides. They are the South American Indians who are, for the most part, descended from the great tribe of Incas—a tribe which was broken up when the Spaniards moved their armies in and occupied the land.

Almost every country has some principal occupation—the Bolivian Indians have the most attractive of all. The womenfolk prepare the meals and plant a few seeds in the family garden; the men fish and hunt, when they feel so inclined, and spend the remainder of the day basking in the sun and watching the vegetables grow; the children, for the most part, help their fathers. Of course most of the children have *heard* of a place called "school," but they think of it only in a disinterested, casual manner; to them it is a tortuous, foreign innovation that would never be allowed in the jungle. The school bell might scare the fish!

And in the midst of these children, so blissfully innocent of anything that bears the odium of scholastic discipline, I have been ordered to erect a school. Now, for the first time, I know how the dentist feels when he takes his drill in hand.



and hardens his heart to the gargling protestations of a youthful victim.

Not long ago, I was walking down one of the jungle roads trying to select (halfheartedly, I'll admit) a practical location for a small schoolhouse. Coming toward me was a young Indian lad, a fine-looking boy, straight as a sapling, oval-faced, with a firm, level mouth and eyes as black as coal. He carried a fishing pole.

"Good morning, Reverend Monsignor," he said.

"Good morning, young man," I replied. His bearing was splendid, and there was a look about him that suggested pride and self-confidence. "What is your name?" I asked.

"Arturo Sarito Maria Osvaldo Altes, Reverend Monsignor."

"Would you like to go to school, Arturo?"

"No, Monsignor."

"Wouldn't you like to read and write?"

"No, Monsignor."

"Wouldn't you like to learn about the great nations of the world?"

"No, Monsignor."

"What do you like to do, Arturo?"

"I like to fish sometimes, and hunt in the trees for the birds' eggs; but most of all I like to eat."

I watched the lad swing down the road toward the river bank and was sorely tempted to follow him. Arturo did not know it, but he had very nearly made a convert of me.

Then a more serious thought entered my mind. Happy Arturo must be brought into a classroom. The classroom is necessary for him now, because the jungle land is no longer free: it has been invaded by the army of commerce. There are rubber trees in Bolivia, and mines, and before long the city streets will demand the raw material that the jungle has guarded for many centuries. Men from the outer world will build modern settlements, and astound the Indians with the power of money. Arturo's supple body and firm muscles will be coaxed and forced into the labor of production; he will be subject to exploitation and the rough, boisterous manners of worldly-wise men. With no training but that of the jungle, Arturo will be utterly defenseless. Unless he is reared with a firm knowledge of Christ's doctrine, unless he is fortified with a solid, interior strength, he will become hopeless prey to the immoral suasions of a glittering, fascinating, callous stratum of the world's society.

And so I must hew down a few of the jungle trees and erect a school. It will be a difficult task. I pray that my hand may not rest too heavily upon the delicate structure of fresh young minds. First I must make them curious; I must stimu-

late them to an ambition. I must bear in mind, always, that these are the descendants of a great people: their forefathers constructed the famous Inca civilization that flourished until the sixteenth century in South America. It was a social structure that developed and produced great builders and artisans. Even now, delicately carved walls of graceful buildings rise, vine-covered and mossy, from beneath the growth of the jungle.

I must obtain educational toys for the children so that they may familiarize themselves with mechanical structure; I must have well-selected text books so they may begin to understand the process of orderly thinking. But most of all,

I must rekindle in their hearts the Catholic Faith of their ancestors which flourished until the political powers of Europe drove their priests from the land some centuries ago.

When the outer world creeps into the jungle, bringing with it its portion of filth and greed, Arturo must be ready to meet it. He must be wise in goodness and strong in faith; he must keep within his soul the fragrant purity of his woodland home.

Editor's Note: Monsignor Escalante was a seasoned Manchu missionary, home on furlough, when he was chosen to be superior of the new mission in Bolivia. His sense of humor that created a "Jeeves" in Manchukuo, now finds a trace of Rube Goldberg in the jungle. "We have a shower," he wrote recently, "that was evidently designed by R. G.

To make it work, one has to shoot at

a duck who, in turn, paddles away pulling a string that causes a knife to cut another string, which releases the weight that draws a bucket from the well. If the bucket comes up high enough, it will be found full of holes which provides the shower one looked for. Perhaps, however, this is too complicated—one could more easily jump down the well, and, once and for all, end the idea of taking a shower. In Manchukuo, we used to say it was suicide to ever try to take a shower during the winter. Of course, Bolivian weather never descends to the levels we knew in the land of the Manchus, but I still maintain that showers of the Rube Goldberg variety or otherwise can be suicidal down here all the year round."



My Valley IS CALLING!

By REV. J. MICHAEL HENRY.

Will Maryknollers, repatriated from the Japanese Empire, have a chance to go back to their labors? They wait in hope.

HOW DID IT FEEL to be taken off to a prison camp?" friends have asked me. "Did you wonder what those Japanese soldiers were going to do to you? Or what *were* you thinking of?"

What was I thinking of? What would *you* be thinking of if, along both sides of the road, you saw your mission people kneeling in the snow, asking with their eyes, mutely, for your blessing? Surely you'd not mind the powder-dry drifts hurled against you by Manchuria's biting December wind. You'd be thinking of *them*, of the many miles some had traveled to bid you farewell, of whether even their heavy, quilted garments were sufficient protection against the bitter cold.

There was, too, a warmth of pride in my heart that made me personally immune to the cold air's cruelty; pride and joy in my people's courage. They were not allowed to speak with me, nor I with them; but by some method of divine telepathy, I knew they were telling me they would be waiting for the war to end—waiting for my return.

A Japanese soldier addressed himself angrily to one of my Christians. "Do they not know this man is a foreigner?" he asked.

I paused for a moment to hear the reply.

"We never thought of him as a stranger," the Christian answered. "To us, he was only a man of God. He spoke to us in our own language, he taught our children in the manner of our country, he ate our food. Perhaps he was not born here, but what would we do without him?"

My guard grew impatient and pushed me forward, but I was conscious that my head had risen and my step became

lighter. A song of praise to God welled up in my heart, as I looked out over Linkiang's whitened fields.

It was wholly a Maryknoll mission, born, like the Lord of the World, in poverty on a Christmas Day. In 1929 our Father Joseph Sweeney, founder and present superior of the leper colony at Ngai Moon in South China, was the first to visit this far northernmost outpost of Maryknoll-in-Manchuria. After journeying hundreds of miles by frozen forest trails, he set up an improvised altar in a Chinese inn. Four people assisted at his Mass there on Christmas Day.

The hardy men and women of these Manchu hills had unspoiled souls, eager for God. While the first flush of the Faith was on them, they became militant apostles, spreading far and wide the flame of their zeal. Today, the parishioners of Linkiang number well over a thousand, and there are several mission stations reaching deep into the back country.

We had a primary school, a school of Christian Doctrine, and an orphanage—keynotes of stability and of permanence in the town. In addition, a dispensary and a residence for the aged had grown up beside the church, sending forth through the Manchu forests the tidings of God's infinite mercy.

The second missionary to labor in Linkiang was Father Gerard Donovan, soon to crown his Manchu apostolate by a martyr's death. It had been a simple matter for me to enter a field furrowed by such pioneers. Their Christlike charity had predisposed the people to welcome and love me.

Even when I heard of the opening of hostilities between the United States and Japan, I still hoped that in this remote region I should be allowed to remain with my flock. I had counted without the Japanese war machine.

Before the evening of December 8, I was placed under arrest and confined to my bedroom with an armed guard. The church and schools were closed and locked, and the parishioners warned that they would be killed immediately.

if they attempted to communicate with me in any way. It seemed, in this beginning of warfare, as though the soldiers were looking for a reason to legalize the cruelty that burned through their fierce patriotism. Their warning was never at any time mistaken for an idle threat.

Our Manchurian catechists and school teachers were at once arrested and thrown into prison. I was granted one concession, which to this day I cannot explain. My houseboy, Peter, was allowed to remain with me during the few days before I was taken to prison camp. It nearly cost the loyal lad his life when he attempted to defend my property against the looting of the guards.

During those days I worried much, thinking of our orphans, schoolchildren, and old people. But, as I have told you, it was different on the way to the train which was to carry me to the prison camp, four hundred miles distant. Courage and joy came to me from the steadfast love of my people kneeling for my blessing in the snow.

The faces of the sick to whom I had brought Communion haunted me, and I worried lest some might die without the sacraments while I sat helplessly in a Japanese camp. I thought of my teachers and catechists in prison, wondering whether they would be killed as suspects. I remembered each of my orphans, and the smile with which my old folks greeted me. What was to become of these weak and indigent?

All these thoughts swirled in the back of my head, and in the quiet of the nights they almost drove me mad. After about six weeks, I found a way of having a note full of questions delivered to Peter. Another ten days brought me a reply.

Peter had been jailed immediately after my departure, he

wrote, and they put him through an elaborate third degree, trying to make him say I was guilty of espionage. On the first of January, together with the other members of the mission staff, he was released and provided with work by the Government. The church was reopened, and the Christians were permitted the use of it. Immediately they began to carry out the schedule of services in everything except Mass and the sacraments. They had even gone so far as to take up a collection, and a treasurer had been appointed, who was to see that the compound was kept in repair.

The coming of that letter was more of a highlight in my life than even the morning we saw, from the repatriation ship *Gripsholm*, the Statue of Liberty and the shores of our native land. You can hardly believe it? That's not so strange, since you've never been father in Christ to a Manchu flock halfway across the world.

Before the Japanese sent me out of the country, I was allowed to go back for one day to pick up a few pieces of clothing. The news of my coming had reached Linkiang before me, and the mission yard was literally packed with people. My guards grew apprehensive, but I told them they had nothing to fear. Very briefly I informed the people that I would say Mass in the morning, and gave them general absolution.

Faithful Peter served my last Mass in my beloved mission. In the afternoon I returned to the concentration camp, and again the road on both sides was lined by my sorrowing Christians.

They will be there when the road is open again. I have no worry about that. And when it opens, I shall be among the first to travel it.

Some day the road through the valley will be opened again, and a missioner's feet will tread that path.



MARYKNOLL THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Founded in 1907 by Ecclesiastical Authority. Published Monthly.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

STAR ON MY BANNER

When tragic necessity compels a nation to take up the arms of war, it becomes wise—if not necessary—to define the chief issues that have plunged the nation into this gravest of all catastrophes. The issues may reduce themselves to the single, simple, and adequate principle of self-defense; or again, there may be present a complex variety of national interests, special aims, infringed rights, cherished policies. We confront the latter situation. Today almost all the countries of the world are fighting for or against almost all the important issues that can divide mankind; and our embarrassment is to single out for emphasis the most vital among them; the basic cleavages that involve our deepest ideals, the objectives that should most inspire our arms.

On any count, democracy is one of them—if only for the reason that we have been made to see what a detestable world it would be that had to exist without democracy. Yet the fact remains that a lot of detestable things can also exist with democracy, and among them are the noxious weeds of racial discrimination, vested interests, class privilege, social snobbery, and the other inequalities that choke the growth of true democracy. Democracy is two things: a form of rule and an attitude of spirit; and one is a good and indispensable means to a livable world, but the other is the real path that leads to a new and glorious world.

The keynote and complete formula of the spirit of democracy is equality of opportunity—legal, political, economic, social, and spiritual, for all races and all men—and the absence of any differentiation or discrimination from whatsoever title, except on the sole grounds of personal merits and demerits. This is the vital principle of all democracy, and it is so because the only real reason for any democracy is a basic belief in the brotherhood of men as members of one human family. And it is this true spirit of democracy, universally held and fully applied, that, by ushering in the full and

equal brotherhood of men all over the world, will save, develop, and crown with triumph, the life, soul, and future of democracy itself.

When we fight for democratic rule, our cause is just; but when we fight for the democratic spirit, our cause is sublime.

A STRONG BOND

The strongest and most deathless tie that can unite men anywhere on earth, is the bond of the Catholic Faith, and it is strange that this link of solidarity is not utilized more as a practical means of furthering the betterment of the world. We live in a hemisphere that is overwhelmingly Catholic in numbers, but one-half of it coöperates so little with the other that the efforts of each remain independent, isolated, and without support. Yet mutual acquaintance and concerted action would energize and assist the one, arm and bolster the other, in the amalgamation of a common influence that should be able to effect a world of good. If North and South America should come to know their own strength by getting to know each other, the stage would be set for a Catholic advance all along the line, and a hemisphere that already belongs potentially to God could belong to Him in fact.

ARMOR

It takes bravery to meet the opponent on an equal footing with material arms, but it requires courage of a higher order to brave the same hostile surroundings with nothing but spiritual armor. This is the difficult task of the missionaries, who must stand fast for the Faith and battle for the right with no weapon but trust in God. In your prayers for their perseverance, ask not that the heavens be prevented from falling, but rather that the fragments of the shattered universe, if fall they must, may shower down on heads unbowed and hearts undaunted.

A VITAL PRINCIPLE

HE WAS the diplomatic representative of a great nation. He was speaking to civilian representatives of another great nation—one that was actively engaged in a world-wide struggle to establish the principles of democracy and human rights. His hearers were surprised at what he said, and he was surprised at their surprise. He said nothing new. All he said was in support of a democratic principle for which they had pledged their fortunes and their lives, but they did not recognize their own principle when clothed in his form of actuality. He described his country as a successful amalgamation of racial strains. He said there was no racial question in his country although there had been many races; that a new people had been born from the complete intermingling of numerous component racial elements; that his people were no longer white, red, black, and brown, but all equal and all one; and that his country was proud of every mother's son of them. What he described was a true melting pot. He was from Catholic Brazil.

His listeners were citizens of a democratic nation, but they had never understood democracy except in a very restricted sense. Some of them thought it meant the right to vote, although they managed successfully at times to deny that right to some among themselves. Some thought it meant a constitutional rule that guaranteed certain minimum democratic rights to all—in which they were measurably correct, although hardly farseeing, imaginative, or whole-souled. Few, if any, thought it meant fair and equal treatment for all men just because they were men. Some did not think at all about democracy, although they were at that very moment sending out their own sons to die in its name. None were prepared to accept his definition of democracy as meaning that all men are blood brothers; and that, as such, they are entitled to full and true equality in their own right, subject to no condition except personal merit. Their own country contained divergent racial elements that remained divergent, and they had no intention of letting them become anything else.

When they spoke of a melting pot, they meant only an external framework that associated men in the pursuance of a few elementary common aims, while leaving them totally different in all other essentials. From this they went on to emphasize and perpetuate the differences by every sort of racial, religious, economic, and social discrimination. They had spent their lives in discrimination and they were devoted to it as a principle; it was constantly present in their actions and on their tongues—a deep prejudice that had become a part of their blood. Class privilege was their philosophy of life, not brotherhood. They represented the leading democ-



racy of the world, but they were not democrats. They had accepted the form, without penetrating to the spirit. They did not understand the democracy of brotherhood, except as something to be repudiated with scorn, even with violence. And when they heard the diplomat describe the successful application of this vital principle of true democracy, they were not merely surprised, they were aghast. They were Americans.

God is the Father of a family, and He cannot be thought to bless the designs of men who keep His family divided. He chose the most ineffable means to unite the members of His family, when He sent His Son to forge the bond that would make them one. He established a Church that would preach everywhere that message of mankind's essential unity and equal brotherhood, and would insist upon its universal application. The missionaries of the Church carried the message around the world with varying success. In some places their message was heeded, and in others it was ignored. Sometimes they were not heard at all.

Men, as a rule, easily adopt a false viewpoint, and they do not easily rectify it. They disbelieved the Church and the missionaries, because it was more convenient and less unsettling to disbelieve. In this they were not consummate villains, but merely human men—with all the genius for making mistakes that is characteristic of men. The fatal tendency prevailed. They preferred to disown the brothers of their own family, and in many lands they have perpetuated racial discrimination, and with it racial animosity, to this day.

There is one blessed land that did not disbelieve. There is one entire continent that heeded the Church; that took its cue from the missionaries rather than from the empire builders; that held out its hand, haltingly and wonderingly at times, but trustfully and in the main effectively, to the newly found members of the family; that welcomed and accepted all men and any men as brothers. This was the continent of South America. It is a continent that has its own problems, its grave needs, its share of faults, its partial and unbalanced development. But it has much more democracy than its sister continent to the north, for it breathes from one end to the other the spirit of brotherhood. It has many races but no race problems; it has many colors but no color line. It treats men on a basis of equality simply because they are men, and it does not believe that they need any other special title to such treatment. This is democracy. This is more important than any form of government, democratic or otherwise. This is the democracy that South America learned from the Catholic Church, and that North America has never learned at all.

God's Chilun

WITHOUT political rights and without social equality, the colored "Mammy" became an institution in the family life of a great part of our nation. "Mammy" was more than a servant and only less than a mother. She did not ask for advice—she gave it; she was the counselor of childhood and its confidante; she had harsh words for "misbehavin'," but her eyes were always soft with the pardon of affection; she believed in ghosts, but she was a refuge from their alarms. As she advanced in uncounted years, what she had loved became her own, and the Mistress and Master of the house,

grown powerful and proud and rich, were to her still children, needing her wisdom and needing the poise of her security.

"Mammy" did not have much book learning, if she had any; but in some mysterious fashion she knew more about humanity than did the people who wrote books—or read them. She knew our foibles, and she knew our strength. She did not know anything about politics, but she seemed to learn, perhaps from the whisperings of the wind, whether a ruler was good or bad. She set up standards for American

life without knowing that she did so. She believed in goodness; she believed in kindness; and she was the pedagogue of that courtesy which still distinguishes the folkways of many of our people. Of all Americans, she was the most accessible because she was the most humble.

Our contemporaries write songs about her; our movies emphasize her naturalness, her urbanity, her solid wit. She is different from the rest of us. She is not different because she is colored—she is just different. She belongs to that group in the United States which alone can be called "folk." From New York to San Francisco, from Duluth to New Orleans, people speak unaffectedly of the "colored folk." The colloquial meaning of the word "folk" is "the persons of one's own family; relatives." It should be perfectly clear that our deepest concept of the Negro in America is that he is a member of a family; what distinguishes him in the social order is this family relationship. Americans do not speak of the Irish folk, the Scandinavian folk, the Jewish folk, the German folk, the Greek folk, or the Armenian folk in the United States. But they do speak of the "colored folk" as if the colored folk were in a very special sense Americans before they were citizens—as if their relationship to all of us were more important than their rights.



Negro children must have learned to smile in heaven; they must have learned patience from Mary, and humility from Joseph, the carpenter.



Each one of us has been denied his rights in a world that is too often ruled by the vain, the ambitious, the stupid, and the selfish. Discriminated against and denied their rights as a class because they are colored? Not by the majority of their fellow Americans. They have been outmaneuvered in certain political and social situations, not because they are colored, but because the groups in control of those situations want to keep power for themselves.

Emancipation left our Negro folk homeless, but it could never divorce them from the lifestream of American culture. They are beyond the legislation of class distinction. America needs to see with their eyes the religious reality of everyday circumstances; it needs the power of their humility, their graciousness, and their deep feeling for humanity which recognizes brothers in the white, the brown, the red, and the black. America needs "God's chillun."

Many people today are more concerned about retaining Negro folkways than strengthening Negro rights as citizens. There seems to be a conflict between keeping the Negroes as folk and advancing them as citizens. Part of the difficulty surely arises from the fact that the Negro has a unique place in American life—the "Mammy" was more than a servant and only less than a mother.

We hear some vague talk about a Negro problem. The current phrase is clear enough, but the meaning is not clear enough. The only problem we see, if it is a problem, is the problem of encouraging the American Negro people to persevere and to cultivate and to bring to glorious fulfillment the magnificent gifts which Almighty God has entrusted to their hearts. Why! the colored folk must have learned to smile in heaven; and they must have learned their patience from Mary, our Mother, and the knowingness of their humility from Joseph, the carpenter.

Discriminated against? Maybe, sometimes, some places. Each one of us has been discriminated against, too. Denied their rights?

America needs the joy, the simplicity, and the wholesomeness of the Negro folk; it needs, too, their loyalty, their deep feeling for humanity.



MEXICAN FAITH

By REV. CHARLES F. McCARTHY

WHEN a strong nation is confronted by a formidable foe—

a foe worthy of its mettle—it draws upon its hidden resources, girds itself for the combat, and astounds the world by its show of unsuspected strength and power. The same is true of the Faith of Christ. That is why Catholicism was not beaten to death at its inception; it made a show of strength through martyrdom that was as unpredictable as it was inexplicable to the thoroughly pagan suzerainty of the time. Men who had hitherto been looked upon as mediocre suddenly rocketed to fame when they showed, through martyrdom, that the forces of an army, known the world over for its strength and cruelty, were powerless against the dictates of a Christian mind. That is why the catacombs—the caves of the simple men and slaves—are more important to the world than are the palaces of the Caesars.

That is why the big business of all Mexicans is their Faith—a Faith they have practiced unceasingly for more than four hundred years. Six years ago the National Congress of Mexico limited the number of priests in the country to 350—one priest for every 45,000 inhabitants—and although the law has never been taken off the books, its enforcement has been relaxed. The effect on any other people would be disheartening, but Mexican Faith, so deep and so abiding, could not be silenced. Today there is a priest for only every 20,000—zealous apostles—and the people are thronging the larger churches in Mexico for the Holy Sacrifice, daily, from six in the morning until well after noon.

In some dioceses Junior seminaries are conducted in an unostentatious manner, to avoid attracting attention. Last year seventy priests, ordained at the Montezuma Seminary near Las Vegas, New Mexico, returned to their dioceses in Mexico to assist in ministering to the faithful, and most of the Mexican priests who had been exiled in the United States have been able to return to their former dioceses.

The laity, too, have answered the call of the Holy Father, and have become engaged in all forms of Catholic Action. Senorita Sofia del Valle, with the encouragement of Bishop Miguel Miranda of Tulancingo, has trained a hundred thousand girls and women in Catholic Action during the last fifteen years.

A similar group of men is being trained under the direction of Father Castielo, of the Society of Jesus. These associations of Catholic men and women are soundly organized on a strictly spiritual basis, and are trained to teach Catholic principles and to apply them to all problems of modern social life. They teach religion lessons to 200,000 children annually; they publish Catholic papers and periodicals; they look after the poor and the infirm; they organize Catholic unions among the workers; they leave no phase of life untouched by Catholic principles.

The Faith will live on in Mexico. It is rooted deeply in the hearts and in the lives of the people, who have learned, through their sufferings, that the Church is not a series of buildings, but that the people themselves are the Church. Poor

in the goods of this world, the Mexicans are rich in faith and devotion. They have one big need today: more priests to go out into that white harvest of souls.

The real history of Mexican Faith is to be found in the lives of boys and men like Father Pro.

MEDITATIONS FROM OUR MAIL BAG

Each day our trusty mailman brings us from all parts of the country messages that deepen our confidence and courage. They all breathe a spirit of faith, hope, and charity. From them we have selected the following "prize letters" that reveal, each in its own way, why we are so proud of all our Maryknoll friends.

25 YEARS A MARYKNOLL MEMBER

I OFTEN think with prayer of Maryknoll and its workers, with a special thought of the Maryknoll Father who spoke in our parish church twenty-five or more years ago. This introduction to Maryknoll and THE FIELD AFAR has enriched my life in more ways than one. His name I never knew, but the date of my first subscription on your records may reveal it to you. If he still lives, tell him that THE FIELD AFAR has often given wings to my spirit."

IT GOES TO THE SERVICE MEN

THE FIELD AFAR is to me the best Catholic magazine I ever read. My own copy, after being read, goes to the service men. It is full of intense and shining zeal, yet with practical, cheerful, and unsentimental. More power to it!"

SHE SEES IT NOW

I HAVE a confession to make! For years I've thought of the work of Maryknoll as rather unimportant. But gradually I've learned, from your talks and news notes, what a tremendous contribution to the welfare of mankind men like you Maryknollers can make. So I realize somewhat late that your work, which seemed to me a rather wild, adventurous thing, is now one of the few sane works that is being done in the world today!"

A GENEROUS GRADUATE

FOR over a year now, I have been sending a little monthly offering for the Maryknoll missions. When I began, I felt that I could send only one dollar a month, since I was a student at college and had many expenses and little income. I was graduated, and was fortunate enough to start right in at work. Therefore, I wish to increase my monthly offering to \$8. If I am able to send more at any time, I will. You may be sure that I appreciate your prayers and in turn pray for you and your cause."

A BUSY COLLEGE GIRL

SO SORRY that I haven't been doing anything toward the support of your wonderful work. Let's just say it's a case of a 'busy' college girl. Please keep after me! The dollar will be there all the time, and I will see that that busy father of mine takes time out to send something, also. Meanwhile my mother will keep the prayers going."

IT WAS IN WEST VIRGINIA

AFTER reading our Maryknoll magazine this month, and getting just a slight idea of what our wonderful missionaries are doing, Mr. T and myself decided to increase our monthly offering and help a bit more in this grand work. Hereafter we'll try to send \$5 each month. We gave our first donation in Charleston, West Virginia, after hearing one of your Maryknoll Fathers speak in the church there. We just cleaned ourselves out that day! But it has all come back to us a hundredfold. In little over a year, we have been able to furnish a little home, and in a few more months we hope to be clear of debts; then we will do all we can to help the Maryknollers and every other good work. My husband came into the Catholic Church in 1939, and we both ask your prayers for God's blessing and help."

HER FIRST CHECK

IT HAS BEEN almost two years since you spoke to us at college. During that time I have finished college and a business course, and am now working. I have enjoyed your Sponsor Notes, and have looked forward to the time when I could fulfill my resolution to help in your great work. You will find enclosed the first check I have written in my new checkbook. It won't be the last for Maryknoll!"

7 DAYS OUT OF EVERY 30

I'M INCREASING my contribution to \$7 for this month to care for the support of 'my' missioner for at least one week out of the four. Now that the Government is taking a slice of my pay every week for its war effort, and I find that I can still get along without it, I feel I should do something to balance the ledger and help along the good work you are doing for the poor, who, somehow or other, always have to bear the brunt of war."

A SECRETARY SPEAKS

FROM the way I have been neglecting Maryknoll lately, both financially and otherwise, you wouldn't think I had any interest in your work at all. But really it has not been because I do not want to help. I just didn't have the 'mazuma'; that's all! Now that I have a secretarial job, I am all set to start. All I can manage right now is \$15 a month, but maybe I can increase it later. To have a part in pushing the cause of love in a world so full of hate and petty jealousies as ours is today is worth any sacrifice. So here is my first contribution of \$15."



On their way to South America, Maryknoll's newest missioners were welcomed at St. Louis by the venerable Archbishop, Most Reverend John J. Glennon, who blessed them and sent them on their way with courage and hope. A further account of the St. Louis departure ceremony is given on the next page.

BLESSING OF ST. LOUIS

OUR South American mission group is making its way into the interior of Bolivia at the very moment you are reading this. En route the young priests stopped in St. Louis, where they were given a cordial welcome by Archbishop Glennon and the clergy of the archdiocese. Their brief visit, climaxed in a departure ceremony held in the St. Louis Cathedral on Sunday, September 13, was the occasion which prompted this timely sermon from Monsignor Mark K. Carroll, archdiocesan director of the Propagation of the Faith Society.

It is our Catholic privilege this evening to witness, and to participate in, a very unique and memorable ceremony. We have gathered here to say farewell and to wish Godspeed and *Bon voyage* to a group of Maryknoll Fathers who will soon leave, from an undisclosed port, for a new mission field in South America.

South America is our neighbor. Geographically and politically it is one with us; and it is our fervent hope that, as a result of the work of our missionaries, South America and North America will be drawn even more closely together and become one in the Mystical Body of Christ.

The war has made us geography-conscious. We always knew that the world was large, but now, as we read of activities in all parts of the globe, there comes to us as never before the magnitude of this world. South America, for instance, is over twice the size of the United States; and Bolivia, which will be the scene of the labors of the Maryknoll Fathers, is over seven times the size of the State of Missouri. The majority of South Americans are of Spanish and Portuguese descent with a generous sprinkling of pure Indian, especially in Bolivia.

South America has ten republics and three territories—British, French, and Dutch Guiana. In 1823, President Monroe of our United States, recognizing the independence of the republics of South America and the five small republics of Central America, established what is known as the famous Monroe Doctrine, to prevent invasion of South America by Prussia, France, Russia, and Austria. President Monroe stated that any overt act on the part of these nations would be considered as detrimental to the United States of America; since that time, North and South America have had a very close union politically and economically. Now, as the result of sending our missionaries, we hope to become united culturally and religiously as well.

Only a few weeks ago we received sad news about our Catholic missions. The liner *Gripsholm* brought back to our country 1,500 American citizens, among whom were 60

Maryknoll priests and 31 Sisters. After many hardships and sufferings, these American people returned to their home land. When they saw the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, many could not restrain their tears. Yet while the vast majority were glad to be home, the missionaries were disappointed. Their work had been interrupted. They had gone to China and Japan and Korea to do the work of Almighty God; the war had interfered, and they were constrained to come home.

And so this evening, as we bid farewell to the Maryknoll Fathers, we are reminded forcibly of the words of our Blessed Saviour: "If they persecute you in one city, flee to another." While the work of the Church is curtailed in one part of the world, our Holy Father, under the guidance of Almighty God, has instructed the Maryknoll Fathers to open up this new field in South America. It was a dream of Father Walsh, of Boston, and Father Price, of North Carolina, that there should be a great American Mission Society that would send missionaries to all parts of the world, and their dream, under God's providence, has been realized. This Society which is so distinctly American, this Society of Maryknoll, which was born only 31 years ago, has today over 320 priests; 132 of them are still working for Christ in the Orient.

How appropriate it is that this farewell departure takes place in this great Cathedral of St. Louis! Saint Louis of France was not afraid to battle for Christ—he was a Crusader. He died far from home, at Carthage, in Africa; and this city, named after him, has always been a great missionary city. We can never forget the Jesuits and the Vincentians, the Benedictines and the Capuchins, who came to our city over 150 years ago. Under the direction of Bishop Rosati, these saintly men brought the Gospel of Christ to all the States west of Missouri. The missionaries of St. Louis evangelized Arkansas, Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, and Montana. Outstanding among these was Father de Smet, apostle to the Sioux and Flathead Indians.

So it is under very pleasant auspices that we say farewell to this modern group of missionaries—our own American citizens, the Maryknoll Fathers, who soon will be on their way to labor for Christ in one of the sister republics of South America. It is hard for us to realize that these men are giving up so much. They leave father and mother and all things to do the work of God, and we must not forget them.

We invoke the blessings of God upon these missionaries. We ask Saint Louis, the Crusader, to watch over and to guide these heroic men, that their journey may be safe, and that they may produce fruit one hundredfold, and that their fruit may always remain.



The children clustered round us as soon as we appeared in the streets.

THE long-expected sometimes comes as a great surprise, with consequent failure to recognize it. So it was in Hong Kong last December 8.

"We were assembled at Mass," relates Sister Amata, of Holy Spirit School. "All was prayerfully quiet when, at the Offertory, the ringing of the telephone marred the silence. The message was curt: 'Sisters de Ricci, Eucharista, and Amata, stand by. We are expecting an attack.'

"News of Hawaii had not yet reached us. I went back to the chapel and tried to think and pray. The whole world seemed to have suddenly stopped still. Only the Holy Sacrifice went on—never so real as now. At the *Domine, non sum dignus*, as if from the depths of nowhere, came the moan of the air-raid siren. I turned stiff and cold. There was a

Bombs AND

slight stir among the children. They looked around questioningly. I managed a smile and a shrug of the shoulders, to make them think it was only another rehearsal. Just then the telephone fairly shrieked: 'Report immediately to Queen Mary Hospital. Bring an overnight bag.'

"Queen Mary Hospital, to the top floor of which we were assigned, is so close to the Mount Davis fortifications that from our posts we could see the men operate the guns, while bombs and shells burst on the fort and the hill below. Here for the next seventeen days of the siege, in the midst of thunderous, shrieking sirens, whistling shells, barking guns, and bursting bombs, we cared for hundreds of wounded, most of whom were brought in unconscious and streaming with blood. Some were civilians. The majority were soldiers, mainly Canadians, though there were a few English, Scottish, and Indian soldiers. With us during these weeks were three priests. Masses were timed so that both those on day and those on night duty could attend. Every Catholic patient received the sacraments while in the hospital; many were daily communicants. A great number of soldiers were nursed to convalescence in the succeeding weeks. But on January 20 the hospital became a Japanese military hospital, and we were transferred out of the world of bombs to the barbed wire of an internment camp at Stanley."

Very different was the experience of the Kowloon Sisters at Maryknoll Convent School. Their building was to serve as a First Aid depot. The Sisters, trained in First Aid, were at their posts. Came December 8. Kowloon bore the brunt of the first attack.

"Throughout the day," states Sister Regina, "doctors and nurses filtered in, bringing their bedding and clothing. Hours of duty were assigned. Our First Aid depot was in readiness. In four days the only casualties brought in were two women with injured feet! How impotent and foolish we felt! There were hundreds of wounded, but not a car, truck, or bus available for transportation! We remembered ironically all the planned transportation that should have been available."

"Sister Paul appealed to the Maryknoll Fathers for a chaplain. Father Feeney volunteered and proved to be our greatest source of courage and consolation. Meanwhile, Irish Jesuits came to take charge of the parish church. In the critical times that followed, these priests, as well as Father Feeney, were on hand when we most needed protection. Father removed the Blessed Sacrament to a steel file, which he set up on a crude makeshift altar in our underground shelter. A curtain shut off this sacred spot from the rest of the room. Here we

ND BARBED WIRE

ate and slept, heard Mass, and kept half-hour vigils, maintaining perpetual adoration before our Eucharistic Lord in our catacombs.

"Over and over again, our sturdy walls shook as bombs burst on all sides. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion. The court was filled with smoke, glass, and flying tiles. A shell had struck the north side of the building, penetrating the wall of the classroom where only five minutes before Sister Dorothy had been at work.

"On the fourth day Kowloon was abandoned. The British forces withdrew to Hong Kong. The Japanese were nearing us. We expected their arrival any moment to take over our building. We locked ourselves in a basement storeroom,

BEYOND BOMBS AND BULLETS

Faith planted by the Sisters in the hearts of their beloved peoples in the Far East has been untouched by bombs or bullets. Many of their pupils, driven out of Hong Kong, are now apostles in Free China, where, Maryknoll Sisters report, mission work grows by leaps and bounds.

Why not sponsor a Sister?

One dollar supports a Sister one day.

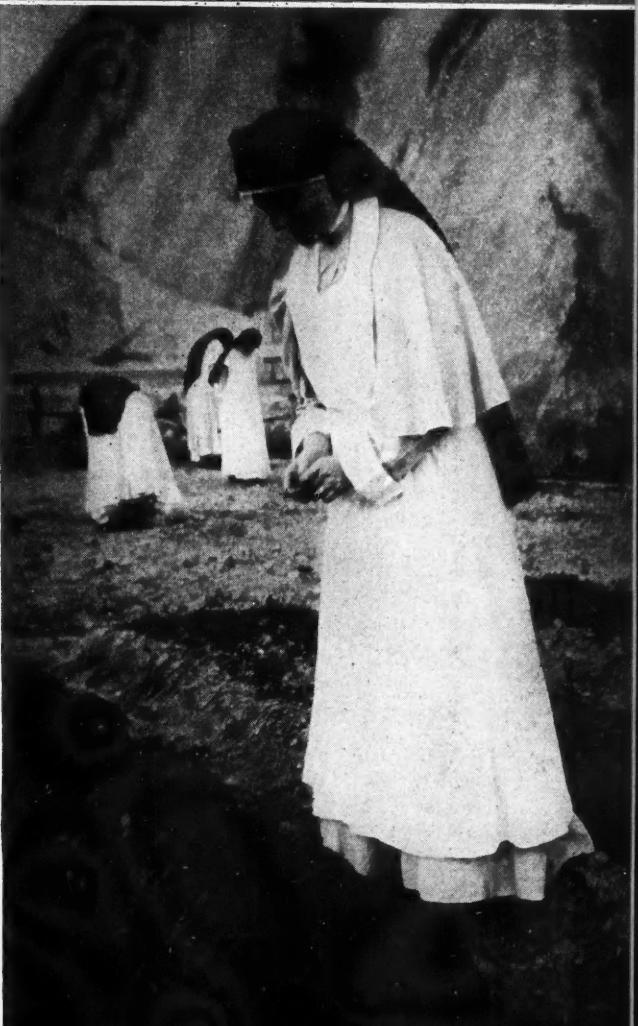
Address: Mother Mary Joseph, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

sleeping on mattresses on the floor. The next day we set up our beds in the tiffin room, which was to be for nearly two months our shelter, refectory, and chapel!

"The stories that reached us were heart-rending. Our own Sister Candida Maria's family, Portuguese natives of Hong Kong, were stripped of everything they possessed. Even the stairway, the doors, and windows were torn out of their house to serve as firewood.

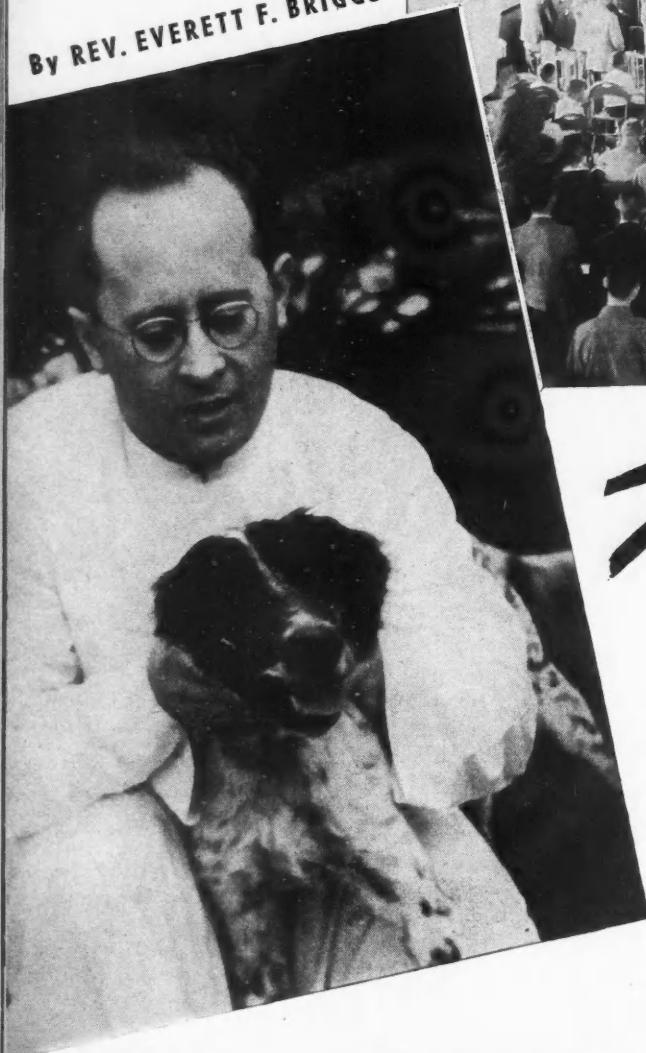
"The rest of the time—from December 11 to February 8—we saw one group of Japanese soldiery after another take possession of our building. Through it all, we were treated with respect. Even when we left for the internment camp, and were subjected to countless inspections and questionings, we were invariably accorded respect the moment we were identified as of the Catholic Church. The source of all this protection? Our Lord Himself, who, during bombardment, occupation, and internment, never left us a moment without His Eucharistic Presence!"

Upper: Holy Spirit School girls in pre-war days.
Below: The Sisters inspect their bombed garden.



Right: The church at Otsu which benefited by the sacrifice of Father Briggs (below).

By REV. EVERETT F. BRIGGS



These, MY PEOPLE

mission labor, are like inferior officials in many other parts of the world—seeking to shine by a display of over-officious zeal. Though the Japanese Government has formally recognized the Catholic Church, these Shiga gentlemen embarked on a personal rampage of petty persecution after the outbreak of hostilities between Japan and the United States.

On the evening of December 8, I was interned, with three other Maryknollers and an aged Dutch gentleman, in the cold, damp, and dark basement of our Otsu church. We were not allowed to get in touch with Monsignor Furuya, our Japanese Ordinary, or with the Swiss Consul, or indeed with anyone beyond our four confining walls.

After a few days we were transferred to my former residence where we were so mercilessly crowded that we yearned for fresh air and exercise. My meager stock of food was quickly exhausted, now that my household of one had suddenly expanded to five. On Christmas Day, for example, we "banqueted" on a mess of boiled rice and sauerkraut.

It was not these personal inconveniences, however, which distressed me most. In the Orient the ubiquitous "bamboo wireless" seeps through all barriers, even through those erected by our petty potentates of Shiga Ken. I heard that

TIME WAS when I voluntarily went without a meal or so to emphasize disapproval of parental decisions, but I never thought to see the day when, a grown man and enjoying the use of reason, I should emulate Mahatma Gandhi in a full-fledged hunger strike. Here's how it all came about.

The police of Shiga Ken, where I have spent a decade of

Love is stronger than death. Read this exiled missioner's story of what he had to do to save the church for his people.



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my catechist had been jailed, for no other reason than having faithfully served me. Word reached me, too, that almost half the adult members of my congregation had been summoned to the Station House, and there grilled for eight and ten hours at a time, in order either to deter them from the practice of their religion, or to stampede them into falsely attributing crimes to me. In many parts of Japan, it required heroic faith to be a devout Christian in the early months of 1942.

My Japanese housekeeper, too, was constantly harassed by the police and pagan neighbors, her difficulties increasing as the food problem became more and more acute. She was one of my first Christians here, and had seen the parish grow from a handful of Catholics, who worshiped in a renovated bakery, to a congregation of more than a hundred, having the prettiest church in town. Now, as conditions worsened, I feared that her health would break under the strain, and I advised her to resign. Though she often used to cry at her work in the kitchen, she closed her ears to the suggestion.

Meanwhile, the Shiga police were endeavoring to represent the church as American property, and therefore liable to confiscation. Sticklers for legalism, they racked their brains to justify the intended steal of this fine, new building.

One Sunday, after much pleading, I was allowed, under

guard, to say Mass in my cold, barred church. The local officials had not made this holy place a den of thieves, but from all appearances they were bent on making it a warehouse. The sacristy was full of furniture removed from my house and the Center House at Karasaki—a hurly-burly of confusion. All sorts of things were piled high on one of the altars, and I sensed that curious, if not impious, hands had tampered with the tabernacle.

My heart swelled with righteous indignation as I thought of the woe which had befallen innocent, law-abiding men and women, simply because they had worshiped there a few weeks earlier. It came to me with a poignancy which I shall not soon forget that Christ was suffering in the person of those poor, frightened souls. At the same time, I determined that the persecutors should never maneuver me into the position of a spectator who looks with resigned and indifferent mien upon the sufferings of his hapless friends.

After Mass I reviewed with my companions the long litany of persecutory acts which the local police had perpetrated against the Church and the faithful of Otsu. We all agreed that the authorities of Shiga Ken were acting in contravention of the expressed policy of the Japanese Government. As long as they could do so in secrecy, there was no limit to the arbi-

trary mistreatment of the Church these unscrupulous individuals might inflict. Since we were completely cut off from the outside world, it was impossible to break through this screen of secrecy by ordinary methods. As for extraordinary methods, there was little choice, so I resolved on a hunger strike. If Gandhi could do it for India, I could do it for the Kingdom of Heaven.

That very day the "bamboo wireless" broadcast to the police the unwelcome tidings that I had begun to fast in protest against their persecution of the Church. From the outset, these representatives of the law were divided on the subject of my fast. Some believed I was in dead earnest (and I was, not touching so much as a drop of water); others believed I was fasting in public, but feasting in private. These latter did not lack reason for their opinion, since I felt, and must have appeared, in better spirits than my wont whenever the special agents of the police came to spy on me.

While pretending to notice nothing, I overheard many a comic debate during the ensuing week.

The credulous said: "He is certainly on a black fast. No power on earth can rival religion, and since he is motivated by religious convictions, this is a mere nothing to him."

But the dubious countered sarcastically: "Men will suffer for the sake of religion if circumstances force them to do so, but no one will volunteer to suffer, even for religious motives."

"Ah, yes they will," the believers persisted. "Did they not do so in the time of Hideyoshi?"

This went on for days. Meanwhile, the pros were taking no chances. They showered me with commands to cease my fast, while I showered them with requests to cease their persecution. Next they attempted to cow me with threats of solitary confinement. When that in turn failed, they played their trump card.

"Never again will you be allowed to say Mass," they menaced. They had begun to suspect that the Holy Sacrifice was somehow a fount of uncommon and mysterious strength.

Our old Dutch fellow internee, a Protestant, must have had a similar suspicion. He told me afterwards that, when he missed me at meals the first day, he thought nothing of it, since he was under the impression that Catholics often fasted. The second day he said to himself, "It must be his holy rule." The third day, "These Maryknoll Fathers certainly lead an abstemious life." On the fourth day all these explanations appeared insufficient, and Mr. van West exclaimed to himself, "Now this is something!"

He was not alone in his opinion. Our pompous Chief of Police had awakened to the fact that it might prove awkward for him if I should die of starvation. Accordingly, toward the end of the week he put in an appearance, accompanied by his inevitable retinue of uniformed assistants. One of these assistants started the fireworks by alleging their reasons for con-

fiscating the church. The pent-up torrent of my indignation engulfed him in the twinkling of an eye.

Now that the ticklish subject had been broached, the Chief promptly asserted himself, ordering his assistant to desist. Pointing ominously to the chrysanthemum on his cap, he solemnly accused me of opposing the policy of the Japanese Government, charging me formally with no less a crime than high treason to His Majesty, the Emperor.

Unfortunately for our "little Napoleon," I knew well that it was not the policy of the Japanese Government to persecute the Catholic Church. I lost no time in making a countercharge that he himself was violating the laws of His Majesty, the Emperor, which guaranteed the rights of the Catholic Church. The Chief was "on the spot," and he knew it.

In my mind's eye I can still see the Chief's young second assistant shudder at my audacity. This unheard-of rebuttal must have sounded the more dreadful because it was with great effort that I rasped out the words from my parched lips and shriveled throat.

Our Shiga Ken potentate, however, had not done with subterfuge. "If you had dropped dead from exhaustion," he demanded, "what would they have said in America?"

"In that event," I replied as smoothly as possible, "you would have been a world figure by now."

"They would say I murdered you," he protested.

"No," I stated quietly, "but they would say that you persecuted religion, which is a hundred times worse."

"Not at all!" he contended impatiently. "They would say I killed you."

He paused only long enough for breath—then went at it again with new reserves of bluster. "If, after fasting for weeks, you were to learn that I had no intention of ever opening the church, what would you do?" he queried.

"I would continue to fast," I said calmly.

"Are all Americans like you?" demanded the exasperated Chief.

"I dare say that many are," I informed him.

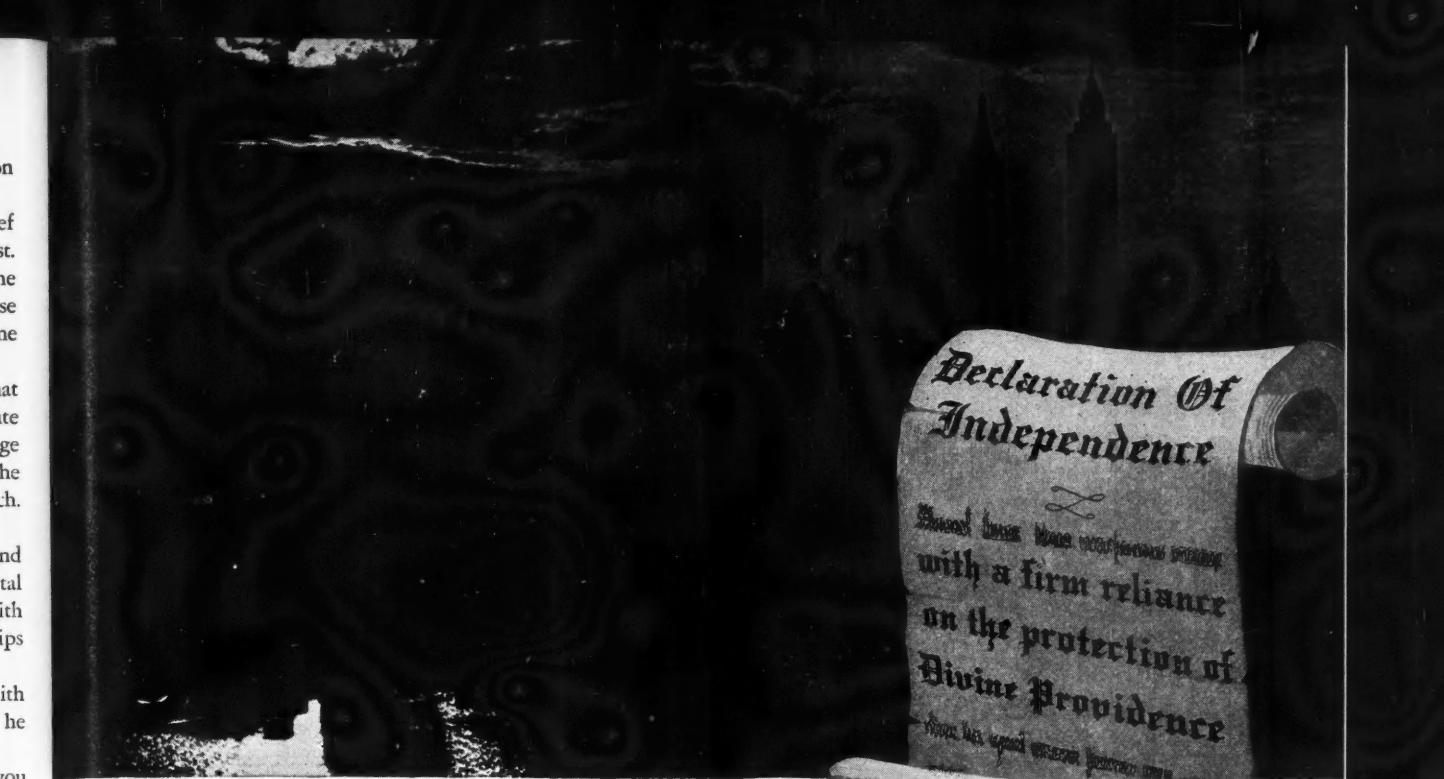
He pondered this unpalatable statement briefly—then cried resolutely, "If you think you can force me to open the church, you are much mistaken!"

"I trust that you will do the proper thing," I stated with dignity.

Thereupon "little Napoleon" clutched his gold-hilted sword and strode imposingly out of the room, his several assistants tiptoeing after him.

At the close of the week, the authorities abandoned their absurd claim that the church was enemy property. Monsignor Furuya was summoned to the provincial office, duly registered as pastor of the Catholic church in Otsu, and presented with the keys thereof. My catechist was released from prison; and the local Catholics were permitted to resume the practice of their religion with comparatively little molestation.

"Love is stronger than death": this I know now by personal experience to be true.



Declaration Of Independence

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.—That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, —That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its power in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. —Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while恶棍们 are provided for them, than to suffer smartly, by removing a祸根.

Politics AND RELIGION

IN the conversion of the world, which is the constant and unalterable aim of the Church, we notice—and are disappointed to notice—little of that creative speed which marked the making of the universe. Salvation is paced by time, not by eternity. For individuals and for peoples, the revelation of faith comes like the slow dawn of a winter morning fingering its way through clouds of disbelief.

It has always been a secret scandal that so many millions, having heard the truth of the Gospel, could disregard it. The unnoticed miracle in the New Testament is the miracle of Christ's rejection. It is easier to understand how water could be changed into wine than to understand how anyone looking upon Christ and listening to His words could feel free to ignore them. It is not so remarkable that people become Catholics as it is that millions do not.

For the astounding fact of unbelief we have no full explanation. But we are rather sure we know of one of the causes. A few days ago Mr. Laval announced, to whoever in the world might care to listen to him, that the Church could take care of religion, and his Vichy Government could take care of politics. If the same remark had been made, as it has frequently been made, by representative world leaders, it might be widely accepted. As it was made by Mr. Laval, whom no one particularly respects, we are more than usually in-

clined to notice the critical and pernicious fallacy which presumes that, because politics and religion have different authorities, they also have different principles. Curiously, the words of our Lord, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's," have been misapplied to give sanction to this error. Politicians, particularly the politicians of so-called secular governments, desiring the license of unrestrained authority, have confounded Christian peoples by quoting the words of Our Lord as if they were a judgment of divorce between politics and religion.

It is small wonder that the pagan peoples of the world are much more influenced by governments which are extremely powerful than by missionaries who are relatively few and insignificant. Modern governments have been the missionaries of secularism and, with their wealth and power and trade and finances, they have been more influential missionaries than the few thousand priests and Sisters who preached to pagans a way of life that was alien even in their native lands. The governments of Europe and of the Americas have been the greatest missionaries of the modern age, and they have been secular. They have acted on the presumption that, because the government had an authority separate from that of the Church (which it really has), the (*Continued on page 30*)

SOMETHING OF THE YEARS

A striking story of present-day China, by Denis Durkin.

CHUAN lay on the floor, hot with the Canton fever. Heat seeped through the meshes of the thin straw bed, adding to his discomfort. The only light was from a candle by his side. Lady, his dog, lying in the corner, kept her beautiful pointed face nestled in her paws and lifted it only when Chuan stirred. Her ears would pop up then, and there would be great hopefulness in her eyes. It was many days since she had romped with her master.

If there were only some way to chill this baking heat! The man closed his eyes and lay very still.

SOMETHING OF THE YEARS! . . .

Chuan was back in North China, the place of his birth, playing with the boys in the village street, kicking a ball with his feet, and keeping it miraculously in the air. Oh, such a day was this! The sky was blue to see, and the sun was warm to feel. And best of all, no work today!

Lin came running up to them, out of breath. "Come! Come quickly! There is a foreign devil in the village. I heard old Yuen say that he has come to steal our babies, to take out their eyes and to make medicine of them!" Chuan and Lin led the pack as they raced to the scene.

Chuan never forgot his first look at the foreign devil—a man with white skin and red hair. How like a devil he looked! The boys followed him as he walked through the village. He nodded at women holding their babies, and they scurried into the house and closed the door. Someone in the crowd threw a pebble that struck the man on the shoulder and then fell off into the gutter. Everyone stopped short, expecting a storm of wrath. That storm never rumbled. The foreign devil kept on walking. And no one followed him as he disappeared around the corner.

Lady came over and licked Chuan's hand. How cool her tongue felt! As cool as a spray of snow, blown in the face.

SOMETHING OF THE YEARS! . . .

Frost lay like icing on a cake. The cold sent out darts that stung the ears of Chuan and Lin as they sneaked through the streets close on midnight. The Christians were having a meeting tonight. Suspicious, Chuan and Lin decided to visit the chapel and discover what strange things were brewing. They would tell the magistrate and they would have great honor.

Not yet had the Christians begun to arrive at the church in full numbers. Chuan and his companion thought this would be the time to enter the chapel and secrete themselves. They went in softly through the side door. The hall was dark,

except for a square of orange light coming from the front. So warm was the light in contrast to the blue cold of the night that they drew close to it.

A strange sight met their eyes. Within a rough, box-like structure were arranged several small statues. The idols of the Christians! An old man was kneeling before the statues, adoring them. He moved over to let the boys in. They saw a little baby lying on a bed of straw, and a woman in a very blue gown, bent over the child. Somewhat in the shadows lurked a man with a full beard. An ox stood dumbly by wishing, perhaps, he could eat the straw in the manger.

What did it all mean? The peace and quiet frightened them. Certainly from out the shadows someone was watching them. Chuan looked over at Lin. The two backed away slowly and went out into the night again. That was all they learned of the meeting at midnight. They never spoke of it to the magistrate.

Mrs. Li was patting Chuan's forehead with a wet cloth. It was some relief to his fever. He heard her murmur something like, "And you will be well soon and can go about your business again." Chuan closed his eyes and sighed.

SOMETHING OF THE YEARS! . . .

Chuan and Lin were sitting at a table, drinking rice wine. They had drunk a great deal this afternoon. They could afford to now: they were members of the Party. There was nothing to do but drink wine and speculate on the future. Someone reported that a priest was speaking to a crowd of people in the village. Chuan's group, craving excitement, went out. They pushed their way to the front places. The people made way for them, for they feared these rowdies not a little. Speaking was the same man who had come to Chuan's village many years ago—the man with the white skin and the red hair. He was telling the people about the Heaven Lord who was born in a stable. Chuan's brain cleared long enough to remember that winter night twelve years ago.

The wine had made Chuan's group very frivolous. Before long they were telling the people to go home and not listen to this foreign fool. Some went without hesitation; others lingered, bent on defying the rowdies. But when bullets began to kick dust clouds at their ankles, they made very quick to go. The rowdies stopped their laughter when they saw the priest glaring at them. The priest bit his lip till it was rouged with blood. He turned and walked down the street.

Chuan's group were going back to their wine, when a

gunshot whined up the streets. Swinging around a corner came a squadron of soldiers. Chuan and Lin tumbled over a fence and raced down a narrow alley. Chuan squeezed into a slot between two buildings. He had shouted to Lin, but the latter had not heard. Peeking out just as a gun went off, he saw Lin fold in the middle and fall. The soldier came and turned Lin over with his foot. The other pursuers arrived, and joined Lin's executioner in looking for Chuan.

Long after dark, Chuan came out of hiding and went over to look at Lin. The blood had made red mud of the dust. Lin, his boyhood friend, was dead! And Lin's life had been so futile and empty.

Chuan raised himself weakly and motioned for water. Mrs. Li put the mug to his lips and watched Chuan's feverish lips, like thick blotters, soak up the water. Chuan lay back refreshed.

SOMETHING OF THE YEARS! . . .

A great famine had come, and many people in that province had died. Chuan was well off, though, because for many months he had been working for a rice merchant. Every night Chuan had taken home an extra pocketful of rice. Now he had a bountiful supply. He ran his fingers through the polished rice grains and gloated in the sense of security that comes with opulence. He looked down at Lady licking her chops, and he smiled reassuringly.

But why use up his own rice? Down at the mission, they were handing out cooked rice once a day. Hundreds of people were accepting this charity—even those who had once been wealthy. Chuan tied his bags of rice and pushed them back into their hiding place. Down the street to the mission he walked, a white bowl and chopsticks in his hand.

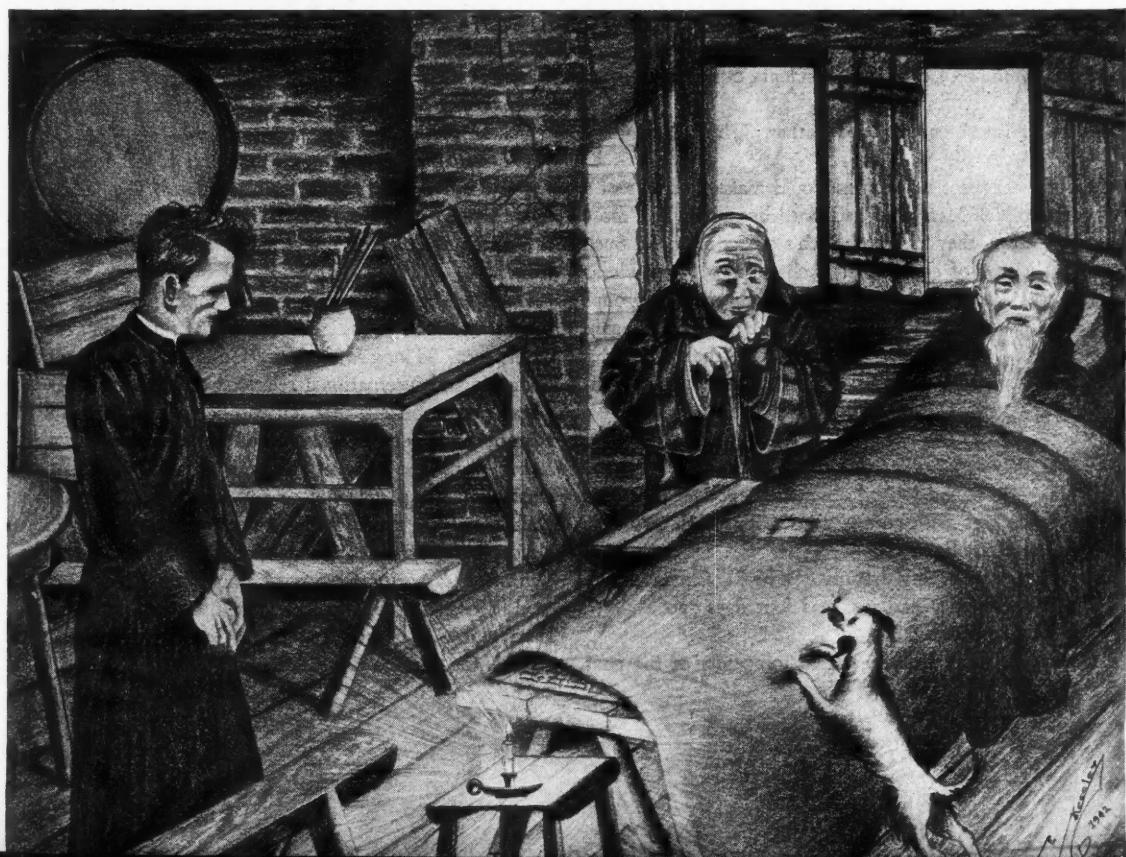
He was one of the last to receive rice. Chuan bowed his head as the priest with the white skin and the fading red hair placed a ladle of rice in his bowl. Chuan retired to a corner to eat his long-awaited meal. He looked up, and saw the priest place the last of the rice in his own bowl. The priest was about to eat when two girls came into the compound; he put his bowl down and motioned to them. Then Chuan saw an amazing sight. He saw the priest divide the rice into two piles and push half into each bowl. The priest's bowl was empty.

The rice in Chuan's mouth turned to sand. He did then what he thought himself scarcely capable of: he went over and gave his bowl of rice to the priest. At first the foreign devil refused to take it, but Chuan left the bowl in his hand and walked away. From a distance Chuan saw the priest eating the rice, avidly. For there was hunger in that man.

As Chuan watched, Mrs. Li hobbled out of the mission. He plucked her by the sleeve. "Tell me," he asked, "why the Father gave away his rice. Is it because he hopes to be well repaid when the famine is over?"

Mrs. Li paused. She seemed to be pondering her answer. "He gave away his rice because of his love for God, who

"If the people grow very hungry, Father, if they should come to the point of dying . . ."



SOMETHING OF THE YEARS (*Continued*)
gave His life in order that all men might live.

Then in spilling words she told the story of her religion. All those memorized passages from the catechism came into service now. She spoke them with her lips; she glorified them with her heart. Never before had she realized the full beauty of her Faith.

Chuan stood there, enthralled by her words. He was stupefied at first by their significance. Then truth dropped before him like a curtain of fire. "So that is why," he said as he watched her hobble away. Lady was rubbing against his knees. "Come, Lady, we have a great task before us."

He dragged his rice from the cupboard, three bags of it. He filled two large bowls on the table. "There, Lady," he said, "that is the ration for you and me. We shall have to eat sparingly."

He went to the window. Night was breathing blackness into the village. "You must come with me, Lady. I am going to carry my rice through the streets, one bag at a time so as not to be conspicuous. People are hungry; they will not shrink from thievery. You and darkness must be my protectors." He poured one bag of rice into a water jug, and slung it over his shoulder by a strap. He and Lady disappeared into the night.

Tens of people were in the mission yard, each with an empty bowl. Hunger had molded ghastly profiles among them. Silence hung over the place. It was no time for talking. Father had told them yesterday, "No more rice." Only in hope had they come today. No odor or smoke came from the mission kitchen. No food!

The bell in the church tower rang. People rose slowly to their feet. The door of the kitchen flew open and Father came out. Behind him, borne by attendants, came six steaming kettles of rice.

"Form in line!" commanded Father. "There is rice for everybody!"

Such a cheer went up then as would make the walls of a fortress tremble! Men who had once despaired had more than hope now—they had food. Such a clatter of bowls! Such a merry clicking of chopsticks! Such gasps of gratitude as the rice was placed in bowls! People sat around in groups and prodded one another joyously as they ate. Once again they laughed, for the pang was gone from their stomachs. And Chuan, a new Chuan, stood in the corner of the compound, tears of joy streaming down his face.

SOMETHING OF THE YEARS! . . .

Very slowly, Chuan looked about him. Father John was wiping his fingers with cotton, and smiling. His hair was silver in the candlelight.

"Are the people very hungry, Father?" Chuan asked.
"The last time they had rice was four days ago."

"Is more rice coming?"

"We expect some from Shanghai tomorrow or the next

day. I hope—for the sake of the people—that it will come."

"Father—" Father John brought his ear close to Chuan's lips. "Father, if they should grow very hungry—the people; if they should come to the point of dying, you can—you can have Lady. I am sure she will not mind!"

Father John drew back and turned his face to the wall.

Something of the years came back to Chuan now; something of that day when he had found that which had always been missing. His head was cooler now.

POLITICS & RELIGION (*Continued from page 27*)

government also had a set of principles and a rule of conduct separate from that of the Church (which it really has not). The same set of commandments that rules the action of the Church, rules, likewise, the action of governments. This ought to be obvious to anyone, but it has not been obvious to governments because governments, like individuals, find the Ten Commandments inconvenient.

The authority of government is one thing, and the authority of the Church is another: each is separate and distinct. But the basic law controlling each is the same. We do not want churchmen administering governments, and we do not want politicians managing the Church, but we do want the law of God directing both. The secularization of government is only a pretense of neutrality as among the sects; in reality, it has been applied as the abandonment of religion in government.

For decades past, the missioner has had to overcome not only the obstacles of an alien paganism, but also the extensive and multiple influence of secular rulers who acted as if they were a law unto themselves—as if Almighty God bestowed on governments a special liberty and a separate code of action which He withheld from the rest of us.

Of course, governments did not preach religion to their pagan customers and diplomatic associates. The "Christian" governments simply acted as if religion did not exist, except as a purely private concern or as a special prerogative of the Churches.

Need we be surprised that many sophisticated pagans in the Far East and in India look upon the missioner with tolerant scorn? So long as secularization in government controls domestic and international relations, is it any wonder that pagan people believe that religion belongs to the Churches but not to the people of the world? Those who were collaborating with the Roman Empire accused Our Lord of counseling the people not to pay tribute to Caesar. Every collaborationist muddies the waters of truth because he is a sycophant who seeks, for his sponsor, unlimited power and unlimited authority. Such confusion slows the pace of the world's conversion. Peoples as well as governments must learn that *Caesar* must render to God the things that are God's—for Caesar's things are also God's.

IN MEMORY OF . . .

NOVEMBER should be a "remember" month for all of us. It is so easy to forget those who have gone before us. A non-Catholic friend told us that, after the death of her son, she used his savings to found a scholarship at a well-known university from which he had graduated. We were particularly impressed by the reason she gave for doing this. She said she was anxious that the good he had begun during life should continue after death—that his memory might be perpetuated, not simply by a tablet or a monument, but in a very living and practical manner that would benefit others less fortunate. We have often thought of this. We have thought, too, that many Catholics would be interested in perpetuating the memory of their loved ones, if the means of doing so were only brought to their attention.

A memorial that would care for an orphan, put a lad through college, train a promising artist, or provide monthly support for a poor or sick person, would be very praiseworthy. In each of these cases, however, only one person would be benefited. Backing a young American missioner, on the other hand, would mean not only a much smaller material outlay, but also a far greater spiritual gain, both for the donor and for the thousands of unfortunates who would be helped in body and soul *through* him. Friends over the country are now sponsoring Maryknoll missioners for a specified number of days a month, in memory of a relative or friend. The two following messages convey a special thought in this regard:

"My son died at Pearl Harbor, where he was stationed with the Army aviation. He was a good boy, a good Catholic, a good soldier. The good that was in him could have done so much to help this dear old world of ours. I want his spirit to continue among us—his memory to live on. I can't think of any better way of doing this than by helping in the support of a Maryknoll missioner who, in a very literal way, will spread the love of God and man over the world. I wish I could back a missioner for the full 30 days a month, but \$5 a month is the best I can do now. I hope to give more later.



© Ars Sacra.

Although I have lost my own son, there is deep satisfaction in adopting a son of Maryknoll."

"My darling son, Lieutenant Frank M.—, was seriously wounded on the U. S. S.— and died soon after. He was a wonderful boy! He used to tell me how much fun it was for him to help in the support of a Maryknoller for 10 days a month. Now that Frank is gone, I count it a privilege to carry on in his memory. God love him!"

Each dollar you give monthly supports a Maryknoll missioner for one day out of every 30. If you cannot support a missioner for the full 30 days a month, why not try it for 20, 10, 5 days, or even fewer? To save you the bother of remembering, we will send a monthly reminder, with a return envelope, stamped and addressed. Why not try it for a few months? No pledge! You can discontinue at any time. By sharing in the sacrifice of a missioner, you share also in his reward, his Masses, his prayers. Help yourself by helping him!

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

Dear Maryknoll Fathers:

While I can, I will give \$..... monthly toward the \$30 a month needed to support a Maryknoll missioner. You may send me a reminder each month. I understand I may discontinue this whenever I wish, and that this should not interfere with personal or parish obligations.

My Name

My Address

ACROSS A WORLD

A WRITER from San Francisco has had this to say of the latest Maryknoll publication:

Father John Considine's new book, *Across a World* (Longmans Green), is an encyclopedia of mission information never before published in English. With the author we take coffee in a Bedouin's tent, spend a night in the Syrian Desert, visit the burning ghats of Benares, climb the Himalayas, inspect leper asylums in Rangoon, fly over the Yangtze Gorges, live with the Japanese, find friends in the Philippines, travel across Central Africa—the list is endless.

There are six galleries of illustrations, each of eight pages. Add to that ten pages of index, and any reader has his money's worth. But that's not all. I spent two hours just thumbing the pages to devour information in dozens of graphs, charts, maps (Mr. Smiley, an illustrator for *Fortune* and *Life*, made them). When you study these maps, you'll know where the Moslem world is, where Buddhists live, where leprosy thrives, and a dozen other things.

Other maps, tables, charts, and graphs show the Burma Road, list the thirty-three beatified martyrs of China (with biographies), indicate the proportion of priests to population, chart the mission fields with personnel, schools, and charities. You will like Appendix B, which lists the assignment of every American Catholic missionary outside the United States.

In all the 400 pages of text there is hardly a dry or slow-moving paragraph. There is a wealth of anecdote and short story which I have never found in any other travel book. Others have spread out what little they have seen; Father Considine chisels every episode down to the minimum.

This is a Catholic book, a missionary book, and an outlook on the whole world. You'll not put it down till you've read every word of it. You'll want all your friends to buy it, and you'll find yourself referring to it frequently to refresh your memory on certain facts. In a word, Father Considine shows us the globe-wide Catholic missions. You can't help liking *Across a World*.

This book may be purchased through your own dealer, or directly from Maryknoll. Price: cloth-bound, \$2.50; paper-bound, \$1.50.

ADDRESSES

Mail for our returned missionaries may be addressed to them at Maryknoll, N. Y. If the missioner is not resident at the Center, we shall gladly forward your mail to them.



South American artist's conception of the compassionate Christ

DEPARTED FRIENDS

Please remember in your prayers the souls of these Maryknoll friends who have recently died:

Rt. Rev. G. L. Fitzpatrick; Rev. Ambrose Bruder; Rev. John Clarke; Rev. C. Huelshorst; Rev. C. L. Neederpruem; Rev. James Tobin; Rev. James B. Crane; Rev. James W. Delaney; Rev. David J. Hutchinson; Rev. P. T. O'Connor; Sr. M. Thecla Strittmatter; Sr. Mary Raphael; Sr. M. Benigna; Mrs. Walker J. O'Neill; Mrs. R. L. Rust; Miss Rose Crudden; Miss Kathryn Masterson; Miss Agnes R. Riley; Mrs. John Z. Kelley; Mrs. Catherine Tiernan; Mr. Patrick White; Mr. James Kwapil; Miss Bessie Casserly; Mrs. Ransom J. Parker; Miss Theresa McNerney; Dr. William Mahoney; Miss Katherine Dillon; Mrs. Mary Sullivan; Mrs. Mary C. Grant; Ensign Alexander N. Belisle; Mrs. Annie Mulcahy; Mr. Michael Delohery; Mrs. Cora Thomas; Mr. Timothy E. Molloy; Mr. Kyron Tierney; Mr. Frank Walsh; Mr. C. H. Donovan; Miss Marjorie Selman; Mrs. Charles Wilber; Mr. Neil M. Kearns; Lt. Edward V. Skahill; Miss Mary M. Robertson; Mr. Nelson E. Owens, Sr.; Mr. John Coughlin; Mr. J. A. Wertebach; Mrs. John H. Curran; Mr. John H. Meyer; Mrs. C. Foehr; Mrs. Marie Hayes; Mrs. F. Schlamp; Miss Mary Donovan; Mrs. A. H. Lambbeck; Mrs. Victoria Ornelas; Mr. Joseph Zahn; Mr. Thomas Browne; Miss Anne Corrigan; Mr. Charles Jacoby; Miss Mary Keating; Miss Margaret Bowes; Mr. Edward Hannan, Sr.; Mr. J. S. Fontes; Mr. J. Mohan; Mrs. F. D. White; Mr. George P. Giering; Mr. William Lineham; Miss Ellen Bowles; Mr. Theodore Drury; Mr. John Butler; Mr. Charles Arnold; Mr. James Duffy; Mr. J. J. Fitzgerald; Mrs. Catherine Grogan; Mr. Karl Rogers; Miss Helen Lynch; Mr. Frank MacKay; Mr. James A. Jordan; Miss Alice M. Jordan; Mrs. Olive Faiella; Mrs. Joseph Henke; Mr. Patrick Shanley; Mrs. Philia Stack; Mrs. John J. Coyle; Mr. Paul L. Haid; Mrs. Mary F. Quilty; Miss Mary Coughlin; Mr. Edward McDonald; Miss Catherine McDonald; Mrs. M. Ryan; Mr. B. J. O'Reilly; Miss Frances Barnaby; Mr. Blakely; Mr. John Coyle; Mr. Antonio Tavares; Mrs. F. M. Bonsteel; Mrs. Ernest Glassing; Mr. Michael Dorgan; Mr. Joseph Heint; Mrs. Laura Jodoin; Miss Elizabeth Leary; Mrs. Mary Potvin; Capt. James J. Owen; Mr. John L. Fitzgerald; Miss Ida Mooney; Miss Elizabeth Wilkinson; Mrs. G. Rigard; Mrs. Anna Eisenreich; Miss Emily Riddis; Miss Margaret McCarthy; Miss Mary O'Brien.

THE HOLY FATHER'S MISSION INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER

That the native art of mission lands be promoted to interpret the Catholic religion

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

INVEST IN AMERICA. Buy war stamps and bonds.

INVEST IN HEAVEN. Send them, stringless, for Maryknoll mission work.

THE POOR you have always with you and whenever you want you can do good to them." **(Mark 14:vii)** This is especially true of lepers. Father Sweeney needs \$2,000 a month to keep his leprosarium running—\$10 from each of 200 donors.

EVERY ORPHAN is worth much more than the support I can give," writes a friend, as she sends her offering. Adopt one of Maryknoll's 386 orphans in South China—\$5 a month; \$60 a year—and you will have their prayers always.

REMEMBER THAT BOAT we wanted for the Bolivia Mission? Monsignor Escalante writes: "One very practical thing that will benefit the entire mission is a boat where Mass can be said; where supplies can be carried to outposts; and where we may have a place to cook our food and to sleep. Cost? At least \$5,000."



YOUR CHARITY IS PAYING BIG DIVIDENDS. For years you have been helping us train a native Sisterhood in the Orient. Now these Sisters have taken over the work of their repatriated American Sisters. Many more native Sisters are needed, and vocations are plentiful. Only the money is lacking. \$15 supports a Sister for one month.



NO WONDER HE CRIES! Imagine a broken arm bandaged with paper! With refugees and wounded constantly streaming through Kweilin, those dispensary shelves just won't stay stocked. \$5 for medical supplies may mean life or death.

FORTY MILLION CIVILIANS in China have become refugees during the last 5 years. Thousands have died of starvation; thousands are still dying. Can you help? A contribution of \$5 from as many as possible is needed.

NO BLACKOUT of mission work. Where priests have been repatriated, native priests will keep the Faith alive. If only there were more of them! \$15 a month will guarantee a month's support to a candidate for the native priesthood in Kaying.

HERE'S A BARGAIN! Maryknoll missionaries in South China must dismiss their catechists if no money reaches them. And thousands of would-be converts are even now being held back from entering the Church because there's no one to instruct them. A catechist's salary of \$15 a month—\$150 a year—would mean countless converts now. Can't you manage it somehow?

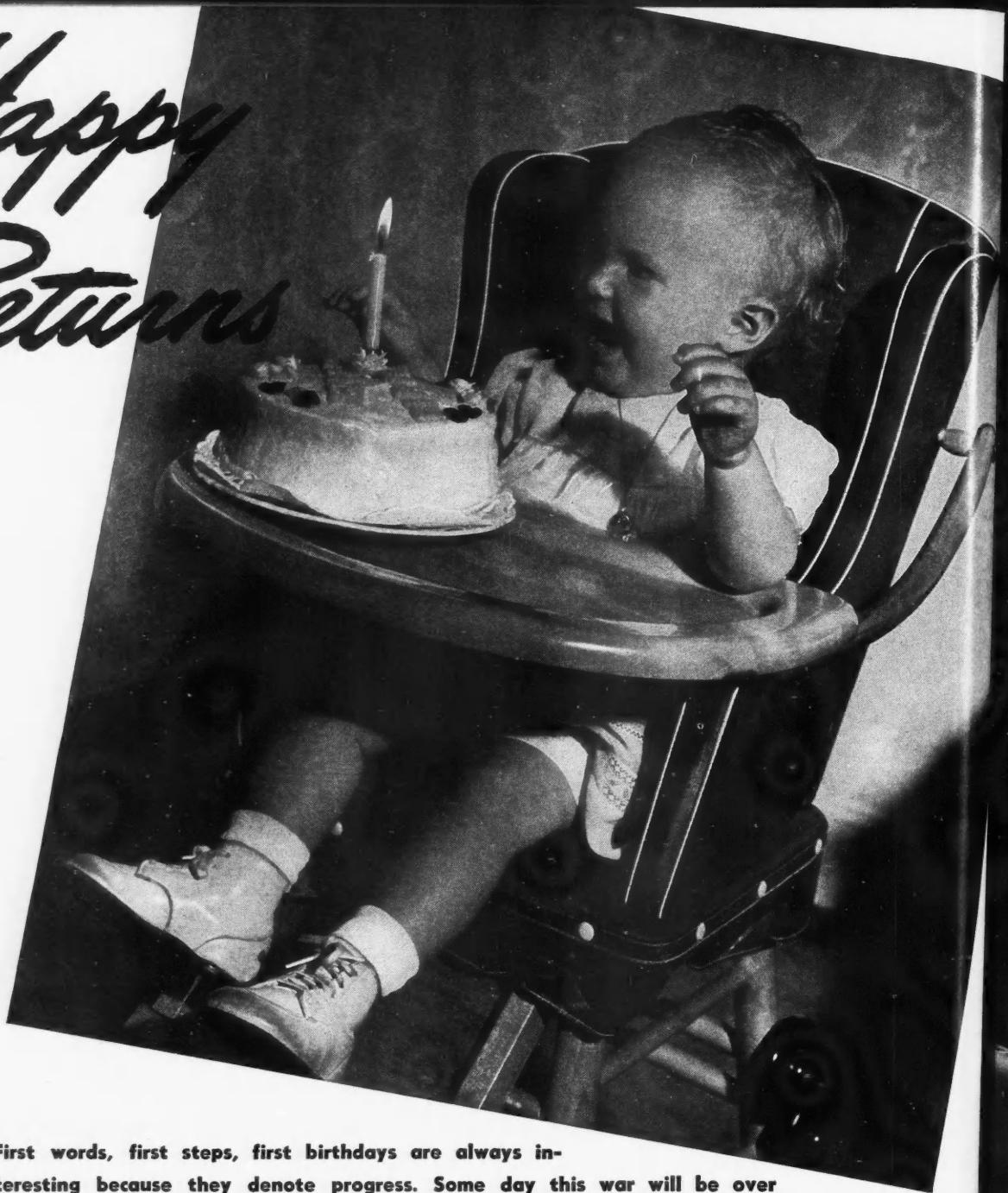
GO TO BOLIVIA BY PROXY. Our new missionaries ask the help of U. S. Catholics in training a native personnel of catechists and Catholic Action groups. The local teachers are willing, but they themselves must first be instructed. Money is needed to purchase material for this first school: books, Teachers' guides, pictorial series. Gifts ranging from \$5 to \$50, welcomed.

IF YOU WERE ASKED to donate blood to save a life, you'd do it, wouldn't you? Yet \$5 will keep a refugee alive for a month. Which is easier to give?

WANTED FOR STUDENTS at Maryknoll:	
New beds	\$10 each
Study desks	\$15 each
Lecture-room chairs	\$10 each
Dining-room tables	\$15 each

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

*Happy
Returns*



First words, first steps, first birthdays are always interesting because they denote progress. Some day this war will be over and, for our repatriated missioners, there will also be many happy returns to beloved flocks. Post-war conditions will need more and more priests. Are you preparing now for that day? Young men who are interested should write to The Vocation Director, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

